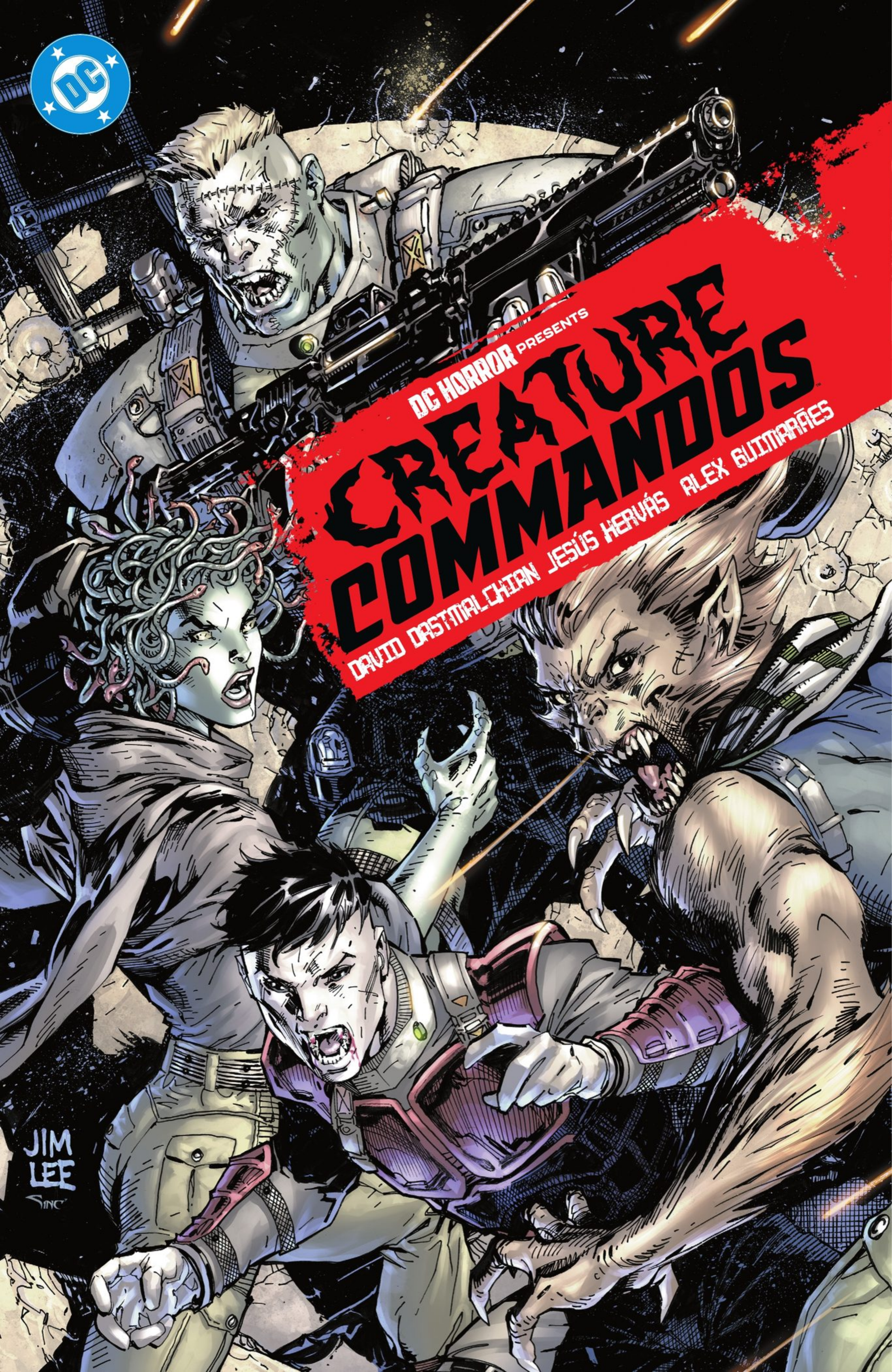




DC HORROR PRESENTS

CREATURE COMMANDOS

DAVID DASTMALCHIAN JESÚS HERVÁS ALEX GUTMARÃES

JIM
LEE
SINCE



DC HORROR PRESENTS

CREATURE COMMANDOS



DC HORROR PRESENTS
**CREATURE
COMMANDOS**

DAVID DASTMALCHIAN writer

JESÚS HERVÁS artist

ALEX GUITARRÃES colorist

FERRAN DELGADO letterer

TÍRSO collection cover artist

Katie Kubert Editor — Original Series & Collected Edition

Sabrina Futch Associate Editor — Original Series

Steve Cook Design Director — Books

Louis Prandi Publication Design

Ryane Lynn Hill Production Editor

Marie Javins VP — Editor-in-Chief

Jim Lee President, Publisher & Chief Creative Officer

Anne DePies Senior VP & General Manager

Larry Berry VP — Brand Design & Creative Services

Briar Darden VP — Business Affairs

Lawrence Ganem VP — Editorial Programming & Talent Strategy

Jay Kogan Senior VP — Legal

Nick J. Napolitano VP — Manufacturing, Operations & Collected Editions

Nancy Spears VP — Sales & Marketing

Carrie Williams Executive Director — Publicity & Communications

DC Horror Presents: Creature Commandos Published by DC Comics.

Compilation and all new material Copyright © 2025 DC Comics. All

Rights Reserved. Originally published in single magazine form in *DC Horror*

Presents: Creature Commandos 1-6. Copyright © 2024, 2025 DC Comics. All Rights

Reserved. All characters, their distinctive likenesses, and related elements

featured in this publication are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters,

and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. DC Comics does not

read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork. DC Comics,

4000 Warner Blvd., Bldg. 700, 2nd Floor, Burbank, CA 91522.



tirso'24

The CREATURE COMMANDOS!

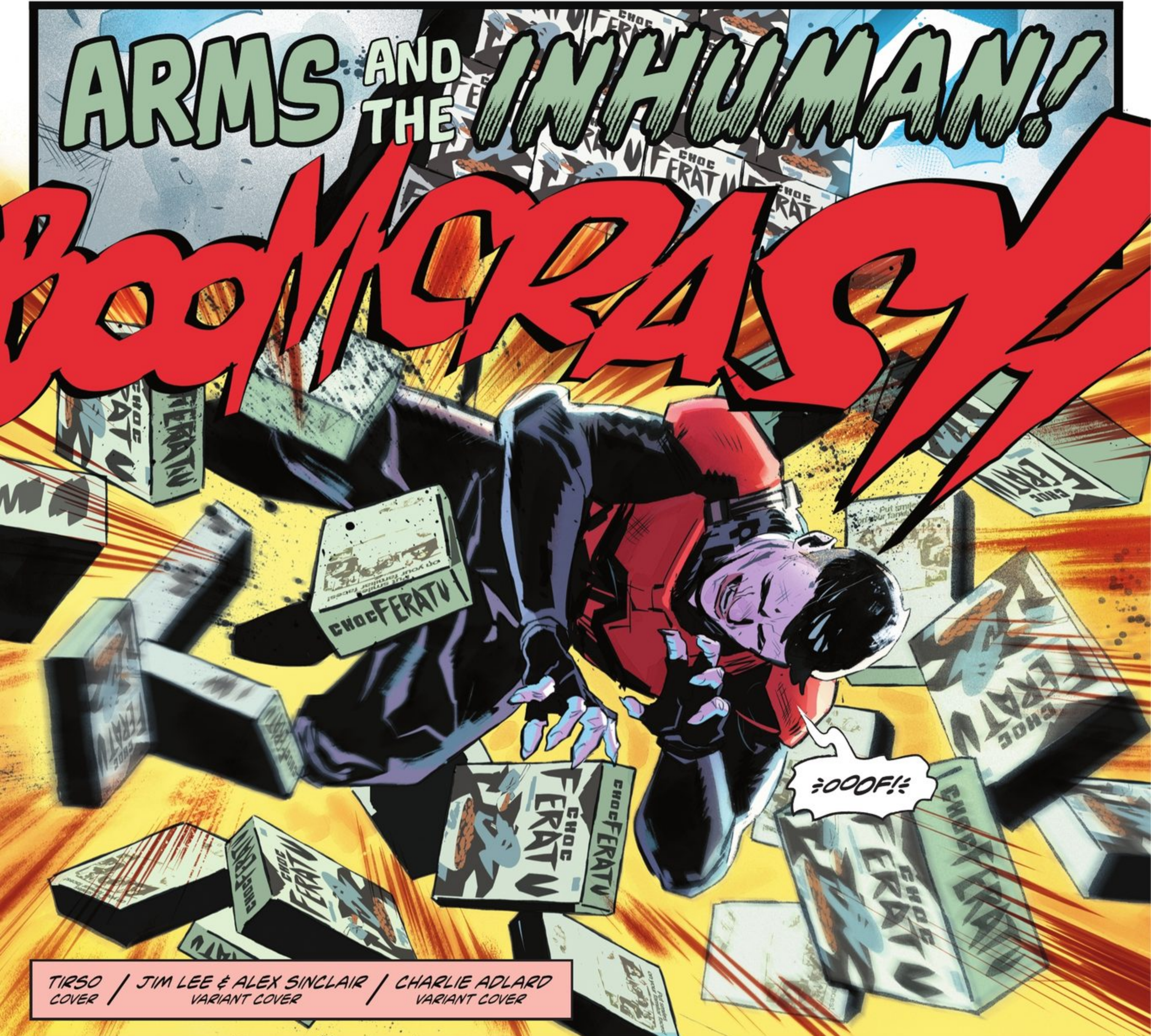
DAVID DASTMALCHIAN /
WRITER

JESÚS HERVÁS /
ARTIST

ALEX GUIMARÃES /
COLORIST

FERRAN DELGADO /
LETTERER

SABRINA FUTCH, ASSOC. EDITOR
KATIE KUBERT, EDITOR



TIRSO / JIM LEE & ALEX SINCLAIR / CHARLIE ADLARD
COVER / VARIANT COVER / VARIANT COVER

Truman's Grocery Store.
Two weeks from now...





I CAN'T DIE, WANDA, REMEMBER? IT'S KIND OF, LIKE, MY THING.



AAAAHH! HELP US!

ANYTHING THAT LIVES CAN DIE, VINCENT...



TECHNICALLY IT'S MY WATCH, MINA.

IF IT'S YOUR WATCH, THEN WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, WANDA?

I THINK WE SHOULD--



...BUT NONE OF US DIES ON MY WATCH.







...NO.



NO! NO!
NO!



LUCKY, IT'S NOT
YOUR FAULT. IT WAS
AN **ACCIDENT**.

SHE WAS HIDING
UNDER THE CASH
REGISTER...

YOU DID **GOOD**,
LUCKY. NOW WE
HAVE TO GET OUT
OF HERE!

NOT
GOOD.
LUCKY
NOT
GOOD.



LUCKY, PLEASE.
LISTEN TO ME...
YOU'RE A **GOOD BOY**.
A **VERY GOOD BOY**--

OH GREAT...
HERE HE GOES
AGAIN.

CKK--!



AGAIN...?
AGAIN...
AGAIN.

Now...



...WHAT DO I DO, JASON?

YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHAT TO DO.



OF COURSE THAT'S WHAT YOU'D SAY!



I HAVE MADE MY OWN BED, AND I'M LYING IN IT...



ARE YOU OKAY?!



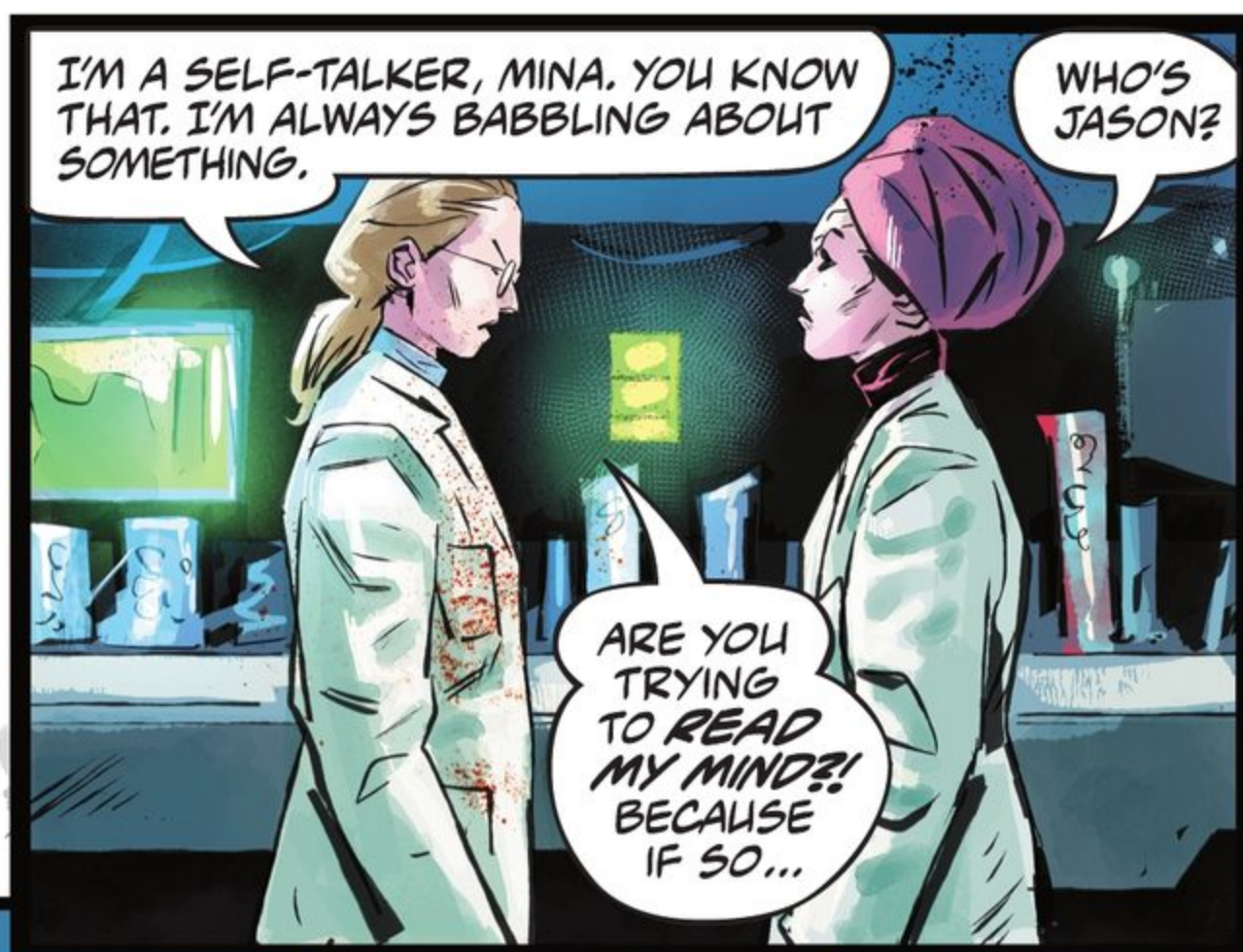
ALL'S WELL, MINA. HOW ARE THINGS LOOKING IN F LAB?

HE'S REGENERATING NICELY. U/M, DR. WEST...?



WHAT?

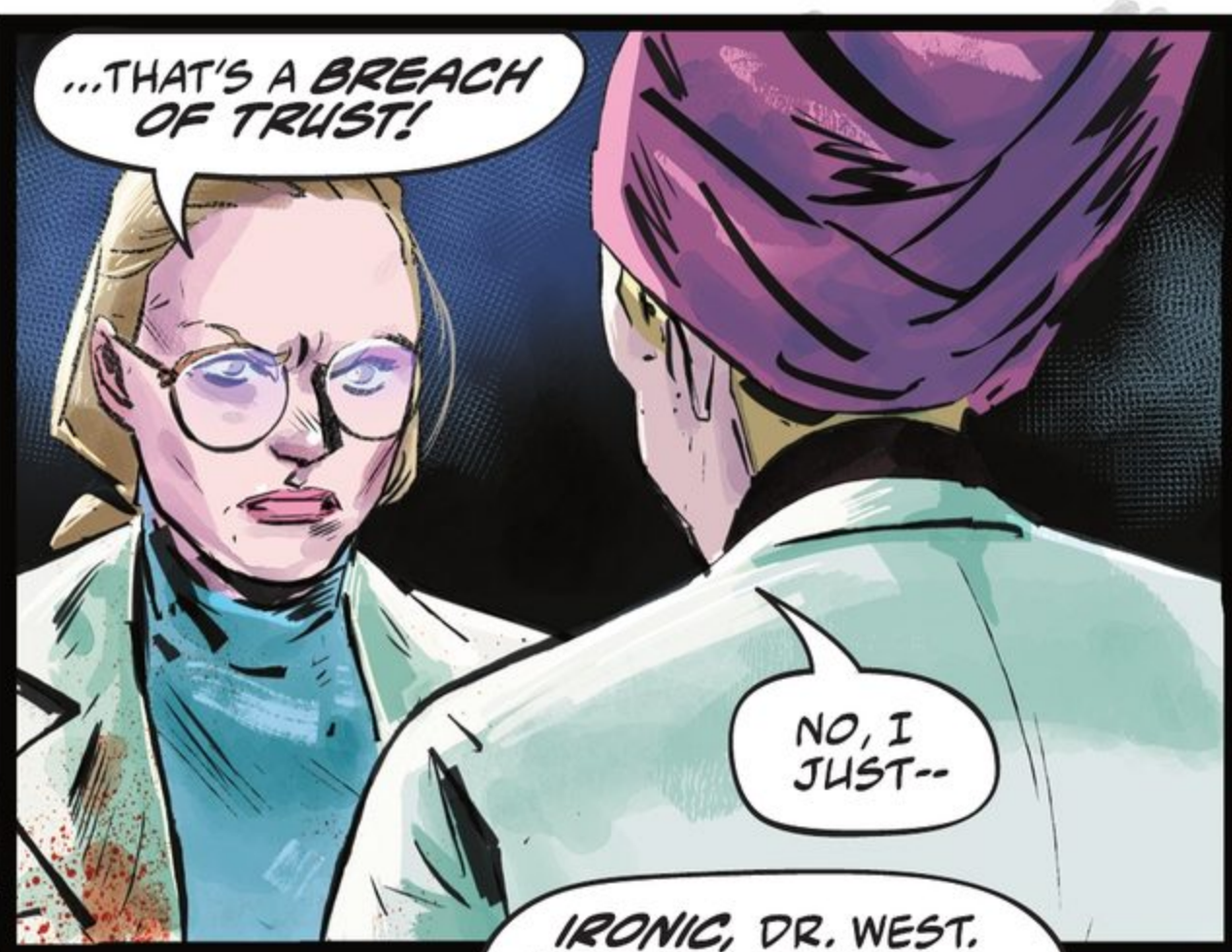
WHO WERE YOU TALKING TO?



I'M A SELF-TALKER, MINA. YOU KNOW THAT. I'M ALWAYS BABBLING ABOUT SOMETHING.

WHO'S JASON?

ARE YOU TRYING TO READ MY MIND?! BECAUSE IF SO...



...THAT'S A BREACH OF TRUST!

NO, I JUST--

IRONIC, DR. WEST. HEARING YOU GIVE A LECTURE ON TRUST!



GENERAL EILING!

I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU UNTIL TOMORROW.

YOU CAN ALWAYS EXPECT ME, WEST. I TELL WASHINGTON WHETHER THIS LOONY LAB STAYS OPEN OR CLOSED.

THIS LOONY LAB IS ON THE VERGE OF A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH--



YEAH, YEAH, SO YOU'VE BEEN SAYING FOR THE PAST **THREE YEARS**. ALWAYS ON THE VERGE OF SOMETHING AND THEN THINGS BLOW UP IN MY FACE LIKE THEY DID **LAST WEEK!**

I KNOW IT DIDN'T APPEAR LIKE A SUCCESS, GENERAL, BUT THERE WERE QUANTITATIVE LEAPS FORWARD--

AND A CRAP TON OF COLLATERAL DAMAGE!



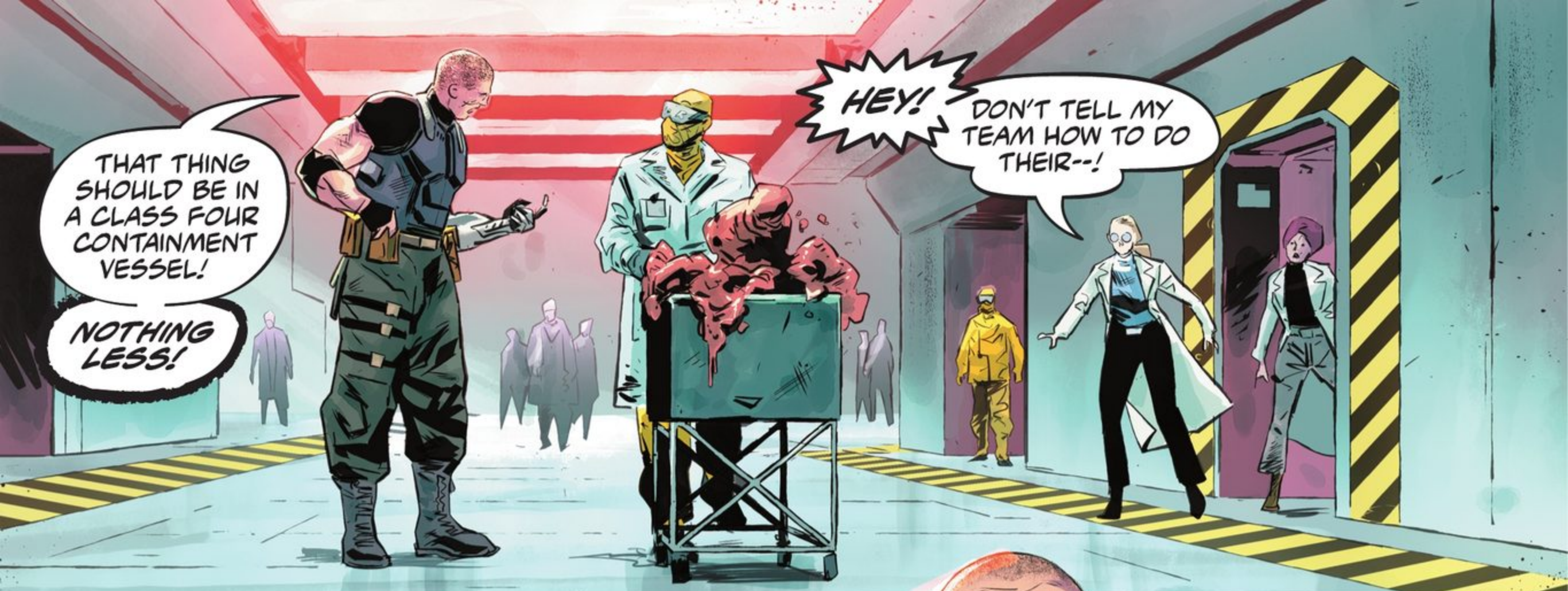
I'D **SHUTTER** THIS WHOLE SHIT SHOW IF I COULD, BUT I NEED YOU TO PUT TOGETHER A TEAM OF **ASSETS ASAP**. IT'S AN **EMERGENCY**.

I ONLY HAVE LUCKY RIGHT NOW AND HE'S IN **REGENERATION**.

THAT'S WHY I'VE BROUGHT SOMEONE TO HELP.

WHAT...?

KEEP THAT THING CONTAINED!



THAT THING SHOULD BE IN A CLASS FOUR CONTAINMENT VESSEL!

NOTHING LESS!

HEY!

DON'T TELL MY TEAM HOW TO DO THEIR--!



DR WEST, THIS IS LIEUTENANT MATTHEW SHRIEVE. SPECIAL OPS RANGER WHO CAN HANDLE ANYTHING YOU THROW HIS WAY.

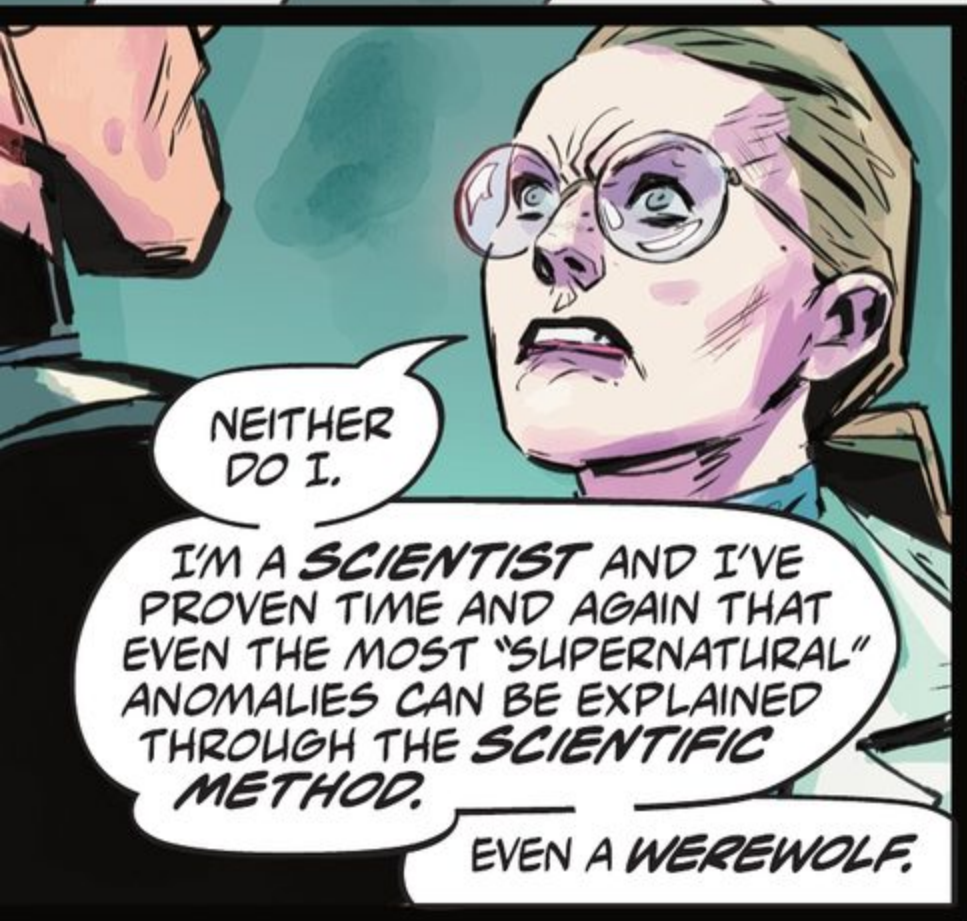
I'M HERE TO COMMAND YOUR CREATURE UNIT.

WHATEVER THEY ARE, I'VE SEEN WEIRDER.

WHY DO I NEED A SPECIAL OPS RANGER IN MY LAB?

BECAUSE IT'S TIME TO HEAD BACK INTO THE FIELD. CRISIS SITUATION.

AND I DON'T BUY INTO ALL THAT SUPERNATURAL MUMBO-JUMBO.



NEITHER DO I.

I'M A **SCIENTIST** AND I'VE PROVEN TIME AND AGAIN THAT EVEN THE MOST "SUPERNATURAL" ANOMALIES CAN BE EXPLAINED THROUGH THE **SCIENTIFIC METHOD**.

EVEN A **WEREWOLF**.



WEREWOLF? LIKE "EVEN A MAN WHO IS PURE IN HEART AND EATS HIS WHEATIES AT NIGHT...?"

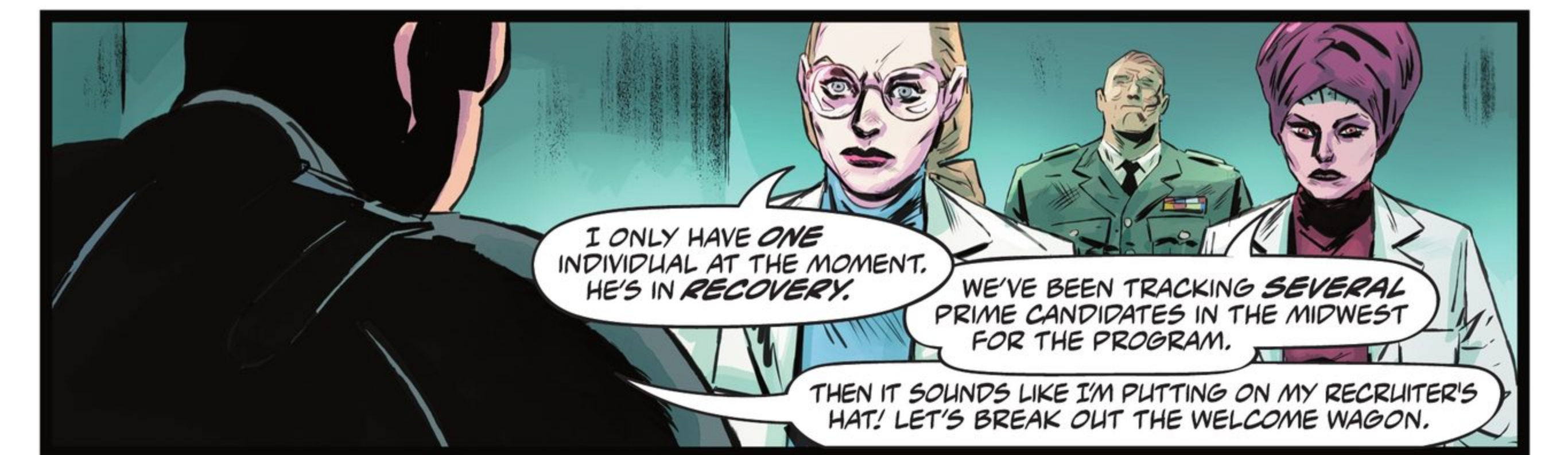
THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY **QUINTILLION** GALLONS OF OCEANIC WATER...

...IS CONTROLLED BY THE **MOON** EVERY DAY ON EARTH. WHO'S TO SAY WHAT THAT KIND OF POWER CAN HAVE...



...OVER THE PHYSIOLOGY OF ONE MAN OR WOMAN?

WELL, I'M GOING TO LEAD YOUR MERRY BAND OF MUTANTS ON A MISSION. SO WHERE ARE THEY?



I ONLY HAVE **ONE** INDIVIDUAL AT THE MOMENT. HE'S IN **RECOVERY**.

WE'VE BEEN TRACKING **SEVERAL** PRIME CANDIDATES IN THE MIDWEST FOR THE PROGRAM.

THEN IT SOUNDS LIKE I'M PUTTING ON MY RECRUITER'S HAT! LET'S BREAK OUT THE WELCOME WAGON.



"SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA."

"MINA, STAY HERE AND WATCH THE LAB."

MILLIONS OF TAX DOLLARS HAVE BEEN POURED INTO THIS FREAK SHOW...

VRRRRRRRRRRR



...AND ALL YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW FOR IT IS A DEPRESSED HUNK OF GREEN FLESH.

RRRRRRR



SO WHAT KIND OF CREATURE ARE WE ABOUT TO RECRUIT, DOC?

DING!



TO YOUR UNDERSTANDING, HE'D BE BEST DESCRIBED AS...

Chicago, IL

"...A
VAMPIRE."

"OF
COURSE."

"HIS NAME'S
VINCENT VELCRO."

"HA HA! HELLUVA NAME. SO WHY DO
YOU HAVE MY MEN PLAYING SECURITY
FOR SOME CHICAGO POLITICIAN?"



"PATIENCE, SHRIEVE. I'VE
BEEN TRACKING HIM FOR A
WHILE NOW AND HE'S VERY
DIFFICULT TO PIN DOWN."

"I'LL FIND A WOODEN
STAKE THAT WILL SAY
OTHERWISE."



"GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.
HE MAKES HIS MONEY
DOING FREELANCE HITS
FOR SOME BIG PLAYERS."

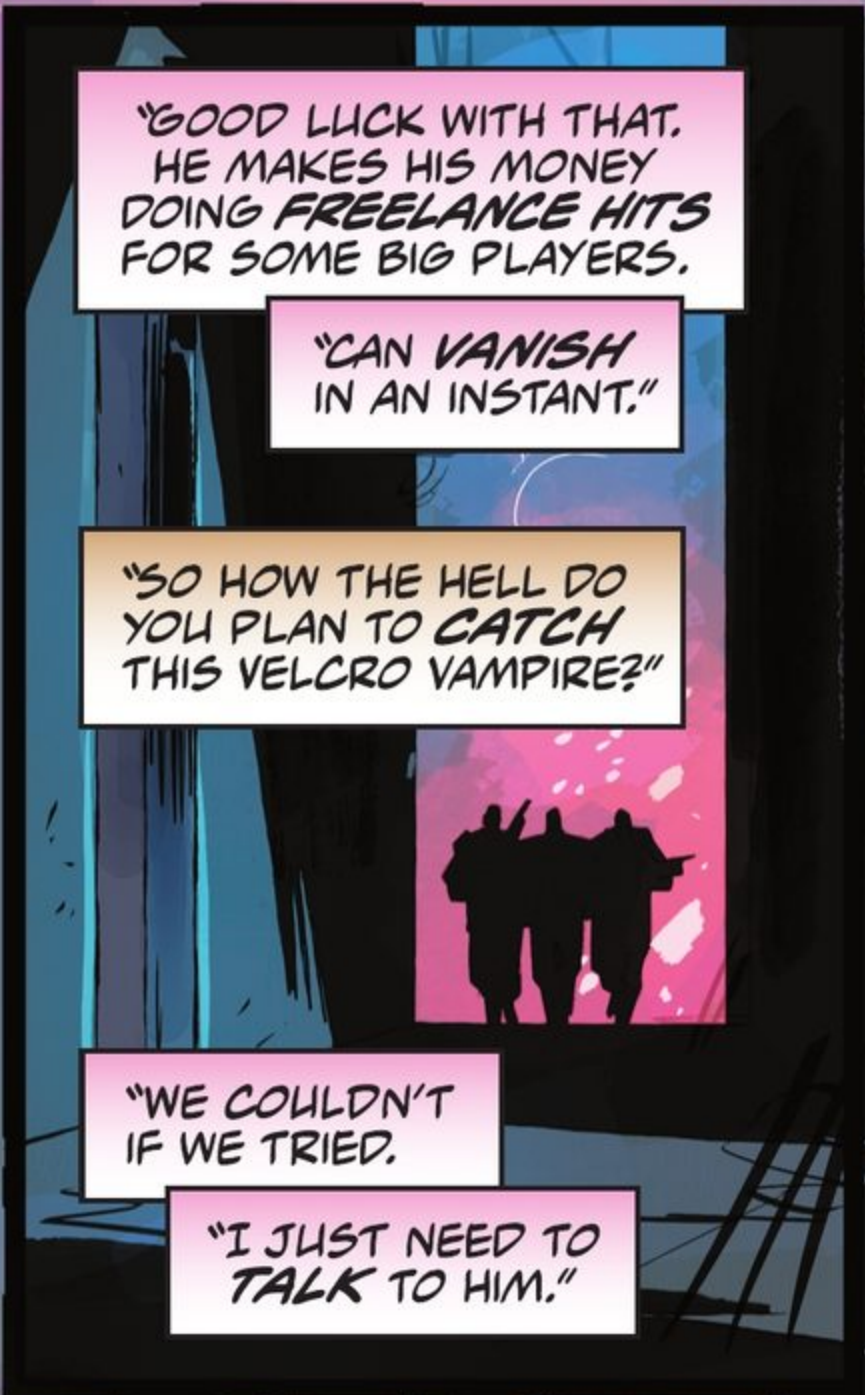
"CAN VANISH
IN AN INSTANT."

"SO HOW THE HELL DO
YOU PLAN TO CATCH
THIS VELCRO VAMPIRE?"



"WE COULDN'T
IF WE TRIED."

"I JUST NEED TO
TALK TO HIM."



"AND HOW DO YOU
INTEND TO DO THAT?"

"BY USING
YOUR MEN
AS BAIT..."





"WHAT?!"

"SIMPLY
NEED TO
CREATE A
PERIMETER
WITH THOSE
INDEX NINE
4V RIFLES
I PROVIDED."

"WHAT THE HELL IS
INDEX NINE ANYWAY?"



HISSSSS!



"LIGHT WAVES
EQUAL TO
DIRECT
SUNLIGHT."



VINCENT, I'M
DR. BARBARA
WEST.

I RUN A SPECIAL
PROGRAM FOR THE
UNITED STATES ARMY
FUTURES COMMAND
LAB KNOWN AS
"PROJECT M".

WHAT'S THE
"M" STAND FOR?
LET ME GUESS--



"MONSTER". IT CAN ALSO STAND
FOR **"MELTED"**. YOUR SPECIAL...
ABILITIES ARE REQUIRED BY YOUR
GOVERNMENT.

MY GOVERNMENT.
HA! I HAVEN'T HAD
A GOVERNMENT
FOR OVER **NINETY**
YEARS.

WE CAN
DO THIS EASY
OR HARD,
FANG-FACE--



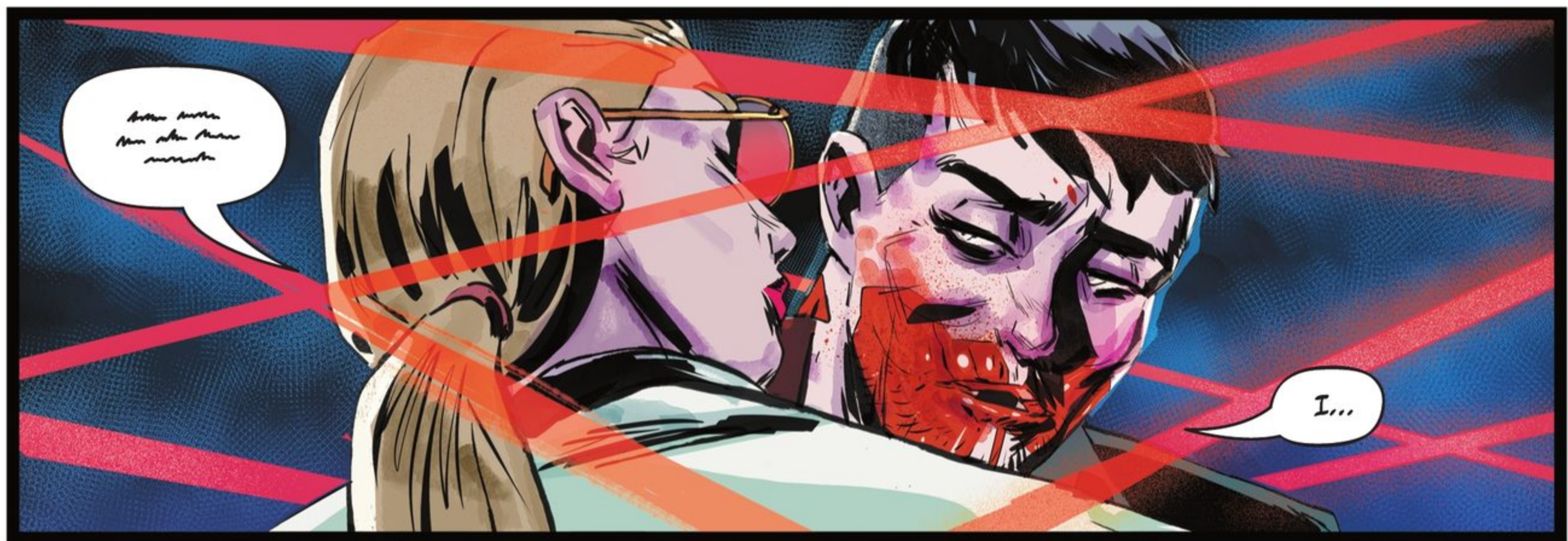
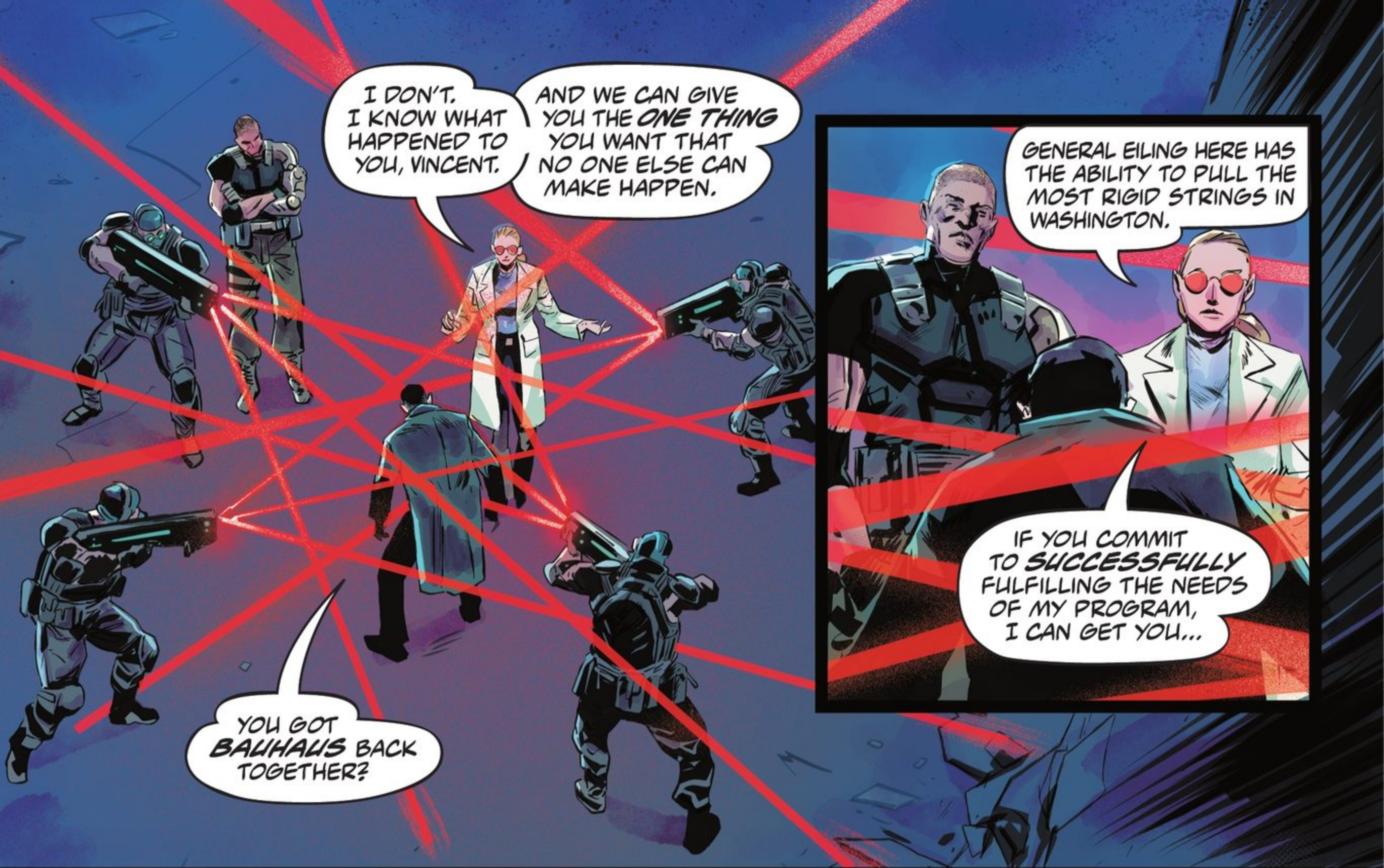
YOU IDIOTS JUST
COST ME SEVEN
HUNDRED GRAND.

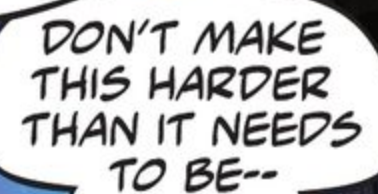
APOLOGIES.
THE **"M"**
STANDS FOR
"MERGE".

I BELIEVE THERE IS A
MERGER BETWEEN THE
SCIENTIFIC REALMS OF THE
KNOWN AND UNKNOWN THAT
MAY **BENEFIT HUMANITY.**



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK
I GIVE A **SHIT** ABOUT
BENEFITING HUMANITY?







AHHH!

OH GOD!



WHAT IN THE--?!

DOG-CATCHER
BEATS
COP-KILLER
EVERY TIME,
MUTT!

QUIET, SHRIEVE!
WANDA, WE JUST
WANT TO TALK...
PEACEFULLY.



YOU ALWAYS
CHAIN UP PEOPLE
YOU WANT TO TALK
PEACEFULLY TO?

JUST THE
COP-KILLERS.

SHRIEVE!

WANDA--

THE HELL DO YOU
KNOW MY NAME?!



I KNOW **EVERYTHING**
ABOUT YOU. YOUR **GIFT**.
YOUR **FAMILY**.

I KNOW THAT
YOU ARE TRYING TO USE
YOUR ABILITIES TO FIGHT WHAT
FEELS LIKE A **HOPELESS**
BATTLE. BUT IT'S NOT.



YOU DON'T KNOW
SHIT ABOUT ME.
OR WHAT I WANT.

I HAVE
TOOLS THAT CAN
HELP YOU TRANSFORM
INTO YOUR **MOST**
POWERFUL SELF
WHENEVER YOU WANT,
REGARDLESS OF
THE **MOON**.

YEAH...?



AND...IN
EXCHANGE FOR
YOUR SERVICE,
YOUR **SISTER**
WILL BE
RELEASED
FROM
PRISON.

NO ONE WAS
HURT WHEN SHE
FIREBOMBED
THAT **ARYAN**
BROTHERHOOD
OFFICE.

YOU
CAN DO
THAT?



I CAN DO ANYTHING.
TOGETHER WE CAN DO
EVERYTHING.



DEAL!

Later...



YOU'RE LOOKING BETTER
EVERY DAY, PAL. YOU'RE
DOING A **GREAT** JOB.

I'M **PROUD**
OF YOU, LUCKY.
YOU'RE A GOOD
BOY.

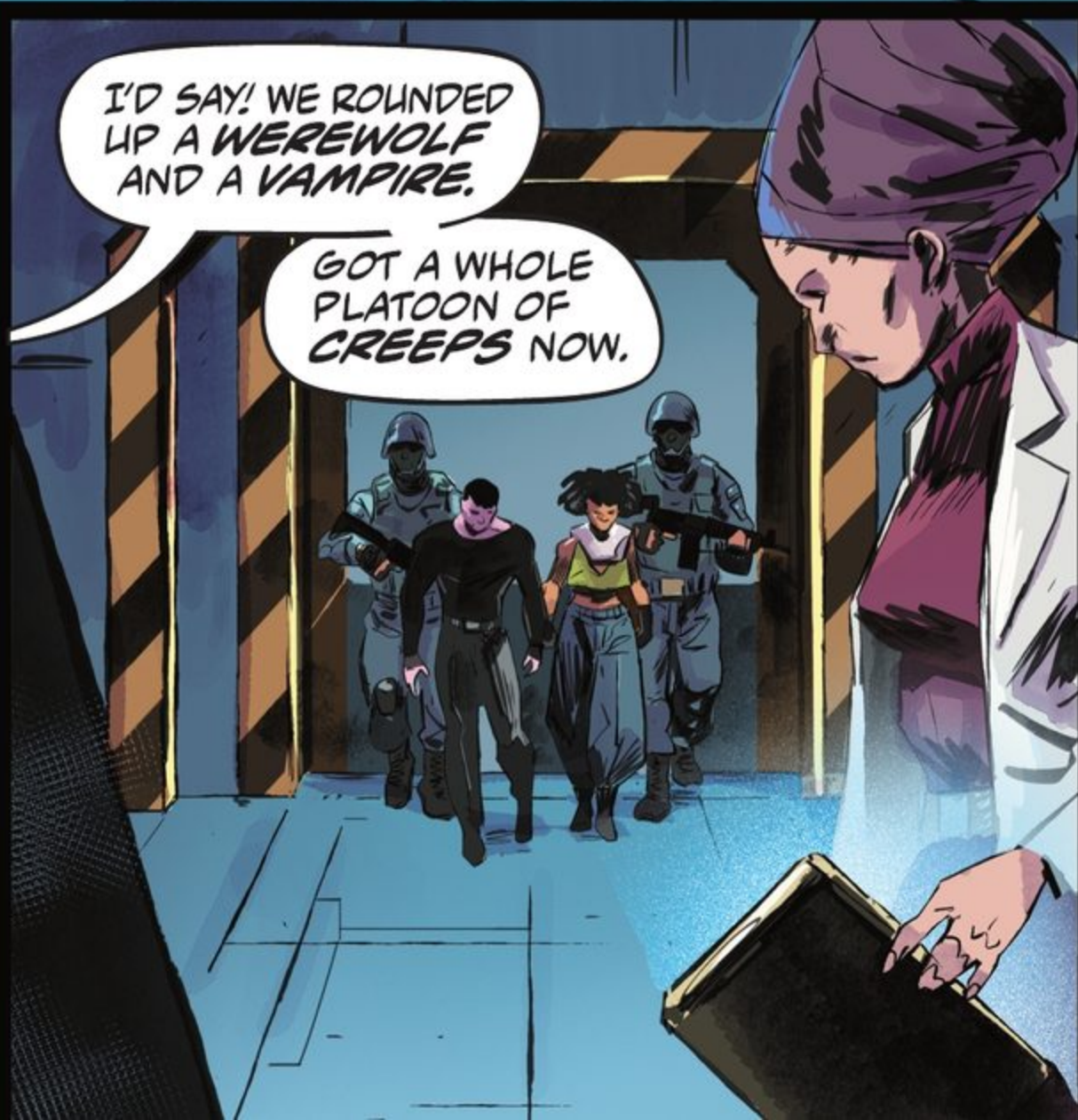
YOU NEED
SOME REST,
MINA.

UULINNNHH...



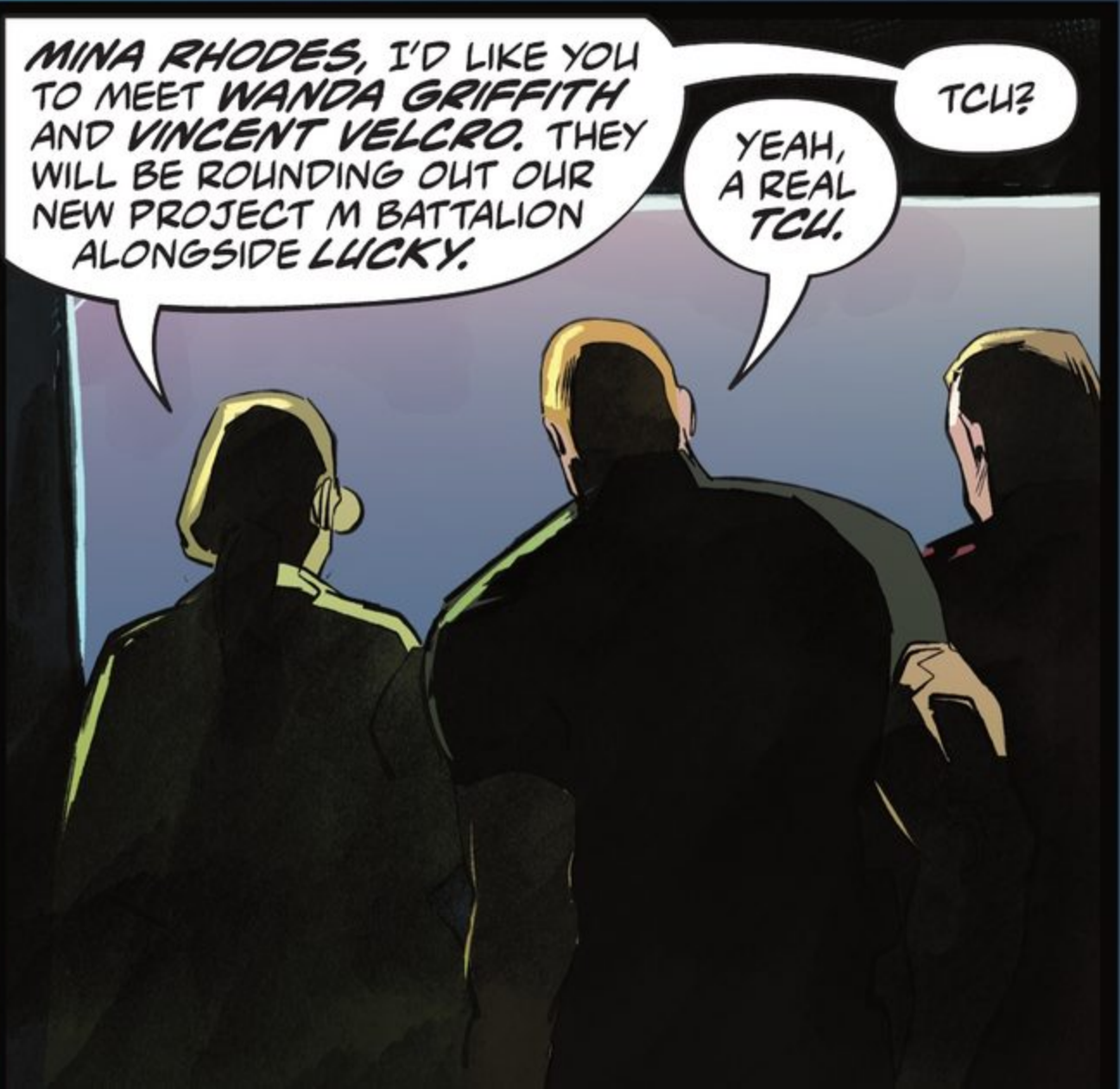
DOCTOR?
YOU'RE BACK.
HOW DID IT
GO?

THE MISSION
WAS A **SUCCESS**,
MINA.



I'D SAY! WE ROUNDED
UP A **WEREWOLF**
AND A **VAMPIRE**.

GOT A WHOLE
PLATOON OF
CREEPS NOW.



MINA RHODES, I'D LIKE YOU
TO MEET **WANDA GRIFFITH**
AND **VINCENT VELCRO**. THEY
WILL BE ROUNDED OUT OUR
NEW PROJECT M BATTALION
ALONGSIDE **LUCKY**.

TCU?

YEAH,
A REAL
TCU.



WE DON'T HAVE A SECOND TO SPARE. YOUR COUNTRY APPRECIATES YOUR SERVICE AND YOU'LL--

I'M NOT DOING THIS FOR ANY COUNTRY!

ME, NEITHER!

AND YOU'LL RECEIVE YOUR *JUST REWARDS* WHEN YOU'VE SERVED OUT YOUR AGREED DUTIES.

GET US OUT OF THIS ROOM! I'M NOT YOUR DAMN LAB RAT!



THE NAVY INTELLIGENCE AND UN FORCES HAVE RECEIVED WORD THAT A CATASTROPHICALLY DANGEROUS WEAPON IS BEING DEVELOPED...



"...BY A FOREIGN ADVERSARY ON A SMALL ISLAND OFF THE SKELETON COAST NEAR NAMIBIA."



"THE WEAPON IS TOO VOLATILE TO RISK AN AIRSTRIKE AND THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF AUTOMATONS WITHIN THE HOLDING COMPOUND WHICH WOULD INCUR COUNTLESS CASUALTIES ON ANY HUMAN SOLDIERS SENT IN FOR BATTLE."





THAT'S WHY
I'M TAKING
YOU FREAKS
THERE...

TO RELEASE THE
UNHOLY WRATH
OF WHATEVER IT IS
YOU DO IN THAT
PLACE.



I HAVE A VERY SHORT AMOUNT OF
TIME TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND THE WORK
I'VE BEEN DOING TO **HELP** YOU.

HOW COULD YOU
POSSIBLY HELP?
I'M A **SUPERIOR**
BEING.

THE **EGO**
ON THIS
GOTH BOY.

YOU ARE SUPERIOR
BEINGS. **EACH OF YOU**.
I BELIEVE THAT.

BUT I ALSO BELIEVE THERE IS A WAY I
CAN HELP YOU TO REACH THE **POTENTIAL**
OF YOUR GIFTS. TO **CONTROL** THEM.



IF THE **JUSTICE**
LEAGUE FINDS OUT
WHAT I'M DOING...
SHIT. THIS HAS
TO WORK.



...HAS TO...
WORK.



Meanwhile,
on an island off
the Skeleton
Coast of
Namibia.

YOU HAVE YOUR
ORDERS, SOLDIERS.
FOLLOW THEM.

YOU WANT US
TO CLOBBER A
LITTLE OLD LADY,
GENERAL BU--?

BUZZWORD.
AND IF THAT IS THE
ORDER HE GAVE US,
THAT'S THE ORDER
YOU SHOULD
FOLLOW!

WELL, IF THAT'S
THE ORDER...
HARHAR!

EASIEST
CHECK I'VE
CASHED IN
A WHILE!

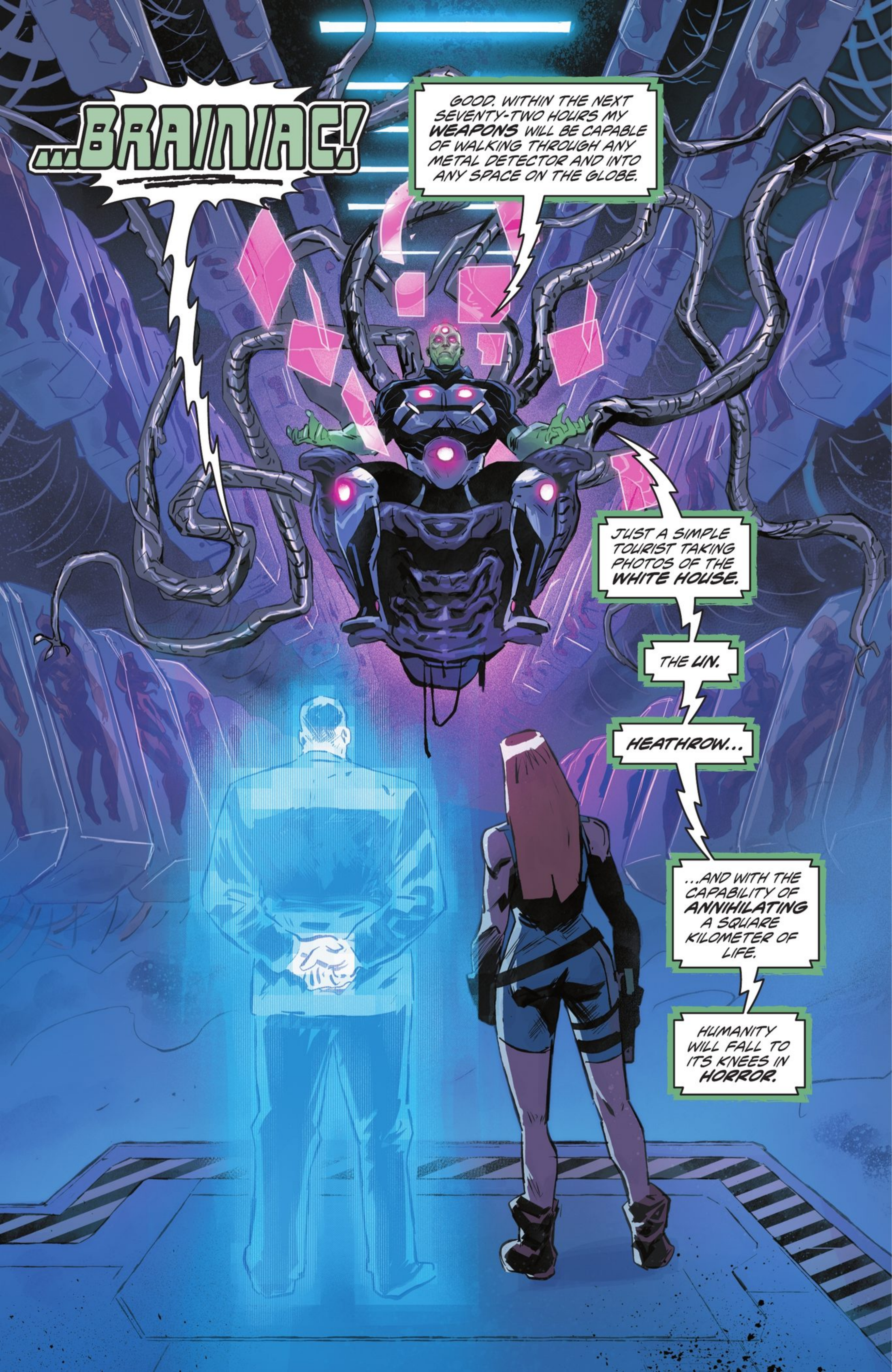
SHE LOOKS
TOUGH AS
HELL, BOYS.
CAREFUL!

READY FOR
YOUR SPONGE
BATH, MUM?

HARHAR!
YOU WISH!

**THUD! KICK!
SLAM!
PUNCH!**



A large, multi-limbed alien robot with a green head and glowing red eyes and chest. It has several long, tentacle-like arms. It is surrounded by floating pink diamond-shaped energy fragments. In the background, there are blue, crystalline structures. In the foreground, a man in a blue suit and a woman in a blue and black outfit are seen from behind, looking up at the robot. The man is holding a glowing blue orb.

BRAINIAC!

GOOD. WITHIN THE NEXT SEVENTY-TWO HOURS MY WEAPONS WILL BE CAPABLE OF WALKING THROUGH ANY METAL DETECTOR AND INTO ANY SPACE ON THE GLOBE.

JUST A SIMPLE TOURIST TAKING PHOTOS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE UN.

HEATHROW...

...AND WITH THE CAPABILITY OF ANNIHILATING A SQUARE KILOMETER OF LIFE.

HUMANITY WILL FALL TO ITS KNEES IN HORROR.



SOLDIERS of the

FAMNIED!

I WOULDN'T PLACE ANOTHER FINGER ON ME...UNLESS YOU'RE A VORAREPHILE.

AND IF THAT'S YOUR THING, I'M TOTALLY COOL WITH IT.

TOUCH ME AGAIN, MOTHERFUCKER! SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

TIRSO, COVER

TOM FOWLER & BILL CRABTREE
VARIANT COVER

DAVID DASTMALCHIAN / JESÚS HERVÁS / ALEX GUIMARÃES / FERRAN DELGADO / SABRINA FUTCH, ASSOC. EDITOR
WRITER ARTIST COLORIST LETTERER KATIE KUBERT, EDITOR

I SHOULD ACCOMPANY THEM ON THE MISSION, DR. WEST--

ABSOLUTELY NOT, MINA!

YOU'RE NOT READY AND YOU'RE NOT EQUIPPED FOR COMBAT.

I AM AND YOU KNOW IT.







AM I
SUPPOSED TO
KNOW YOU...?

LIEUTENANT
MARILYN HARRIS.
ARMY FUTURES
COMMAND. WE'RE
ON YOUR SIDE.

DON'T LOOK
LIKE THE *GOOD*
GUYS TO ME.

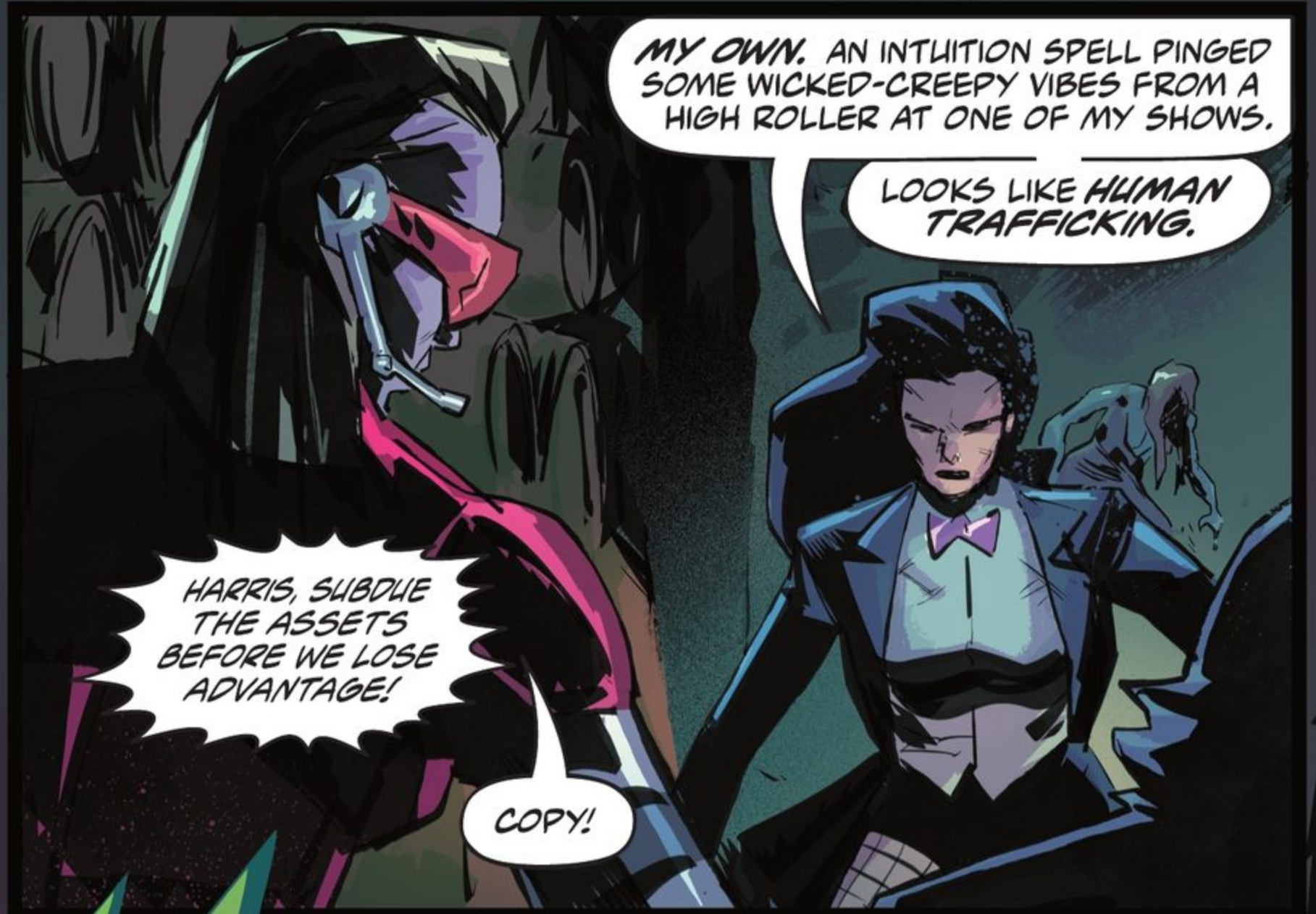




THESE WOMEN
AREN'T WHAT YOU
THINK!

UNDER
WHOSE ORDERS
ARE YOU HERE?

CRACK!



MY OWN. AN INTUITION SPELL PINGED
SOME WICKED-CREEPY VIBES FROM A
HIGH ROLLER AT ONE OF MY SHOWS.

LOOKS LIKE **HUMAN
TRAFFICKING.**

HARRIS, SUBDUDE
THE ASSETS
BEFORE WE LOSE
ADVANTAGE!

COPY!



WOMP

WUGGGOH!!



THE PEOPLE RUNNING
THIS OPERATION AREN'T
HUMAN TRAFFICKERS,
ZATANNA.

**THEY'RE
ARMS
DEALERS!**

HUH?

**STOP
HER!**

**DON'T LET
HER FREE THE
OTHERS!**

GRAAAARRH!



**LUCKY,
NEUTRALIZE
THEIR
ALPHA!**

**YES,
MA'AM.**



**INITIATE
FRENZY
MODE!**



**ZEE,
USE YOUR
FANGS!**





FRENZY
MODE
INITIATED!

WABOOM

YOU NEED TO
NEUTRALIZE
THE ASSETS!



A JAB TO
THE EYE OR
NECK WITH THE
HYPODERMIC
DARTS--

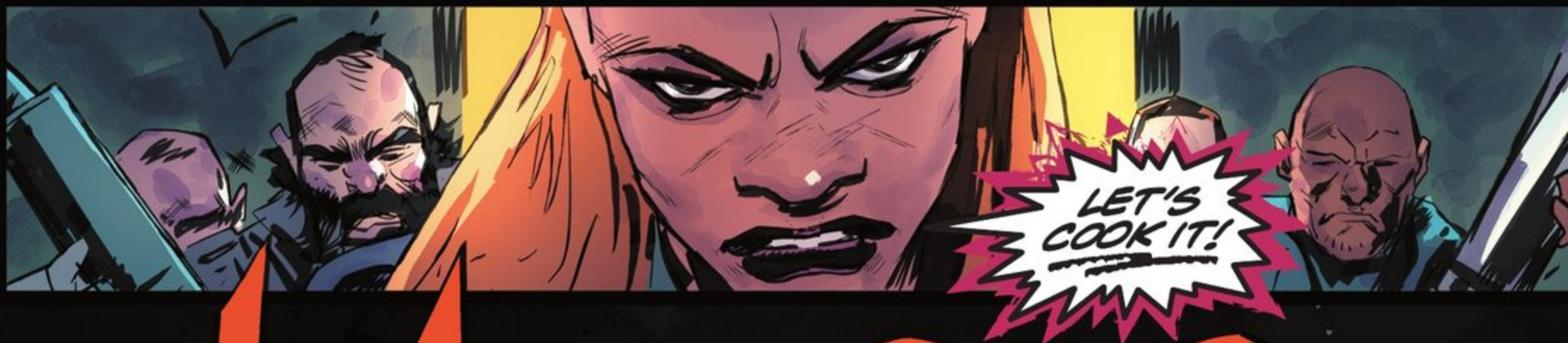
I NEED THEM TO BE *RESTRAINED*
FIRST! AND I DON'T HAVE MUCH
TIME BEFORE WE HAVE *COMPANY*--

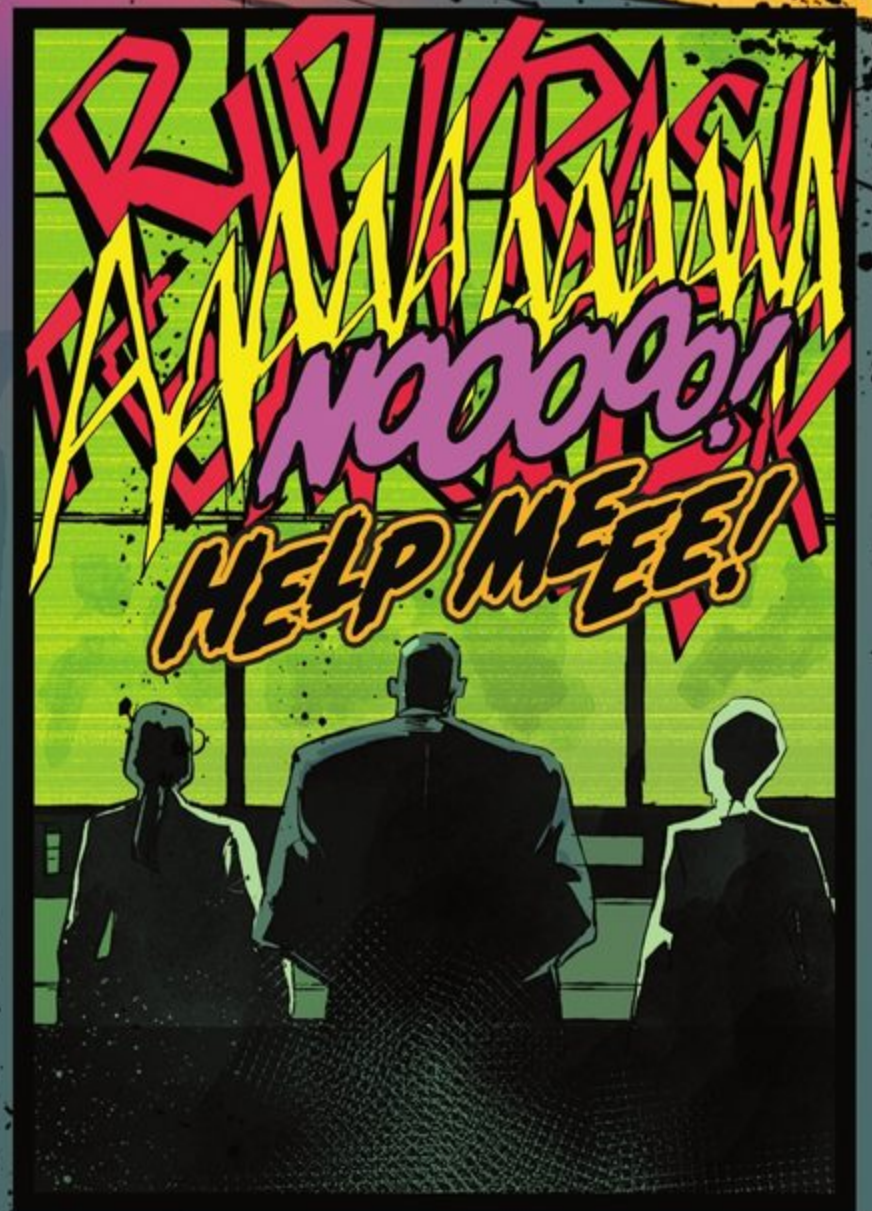
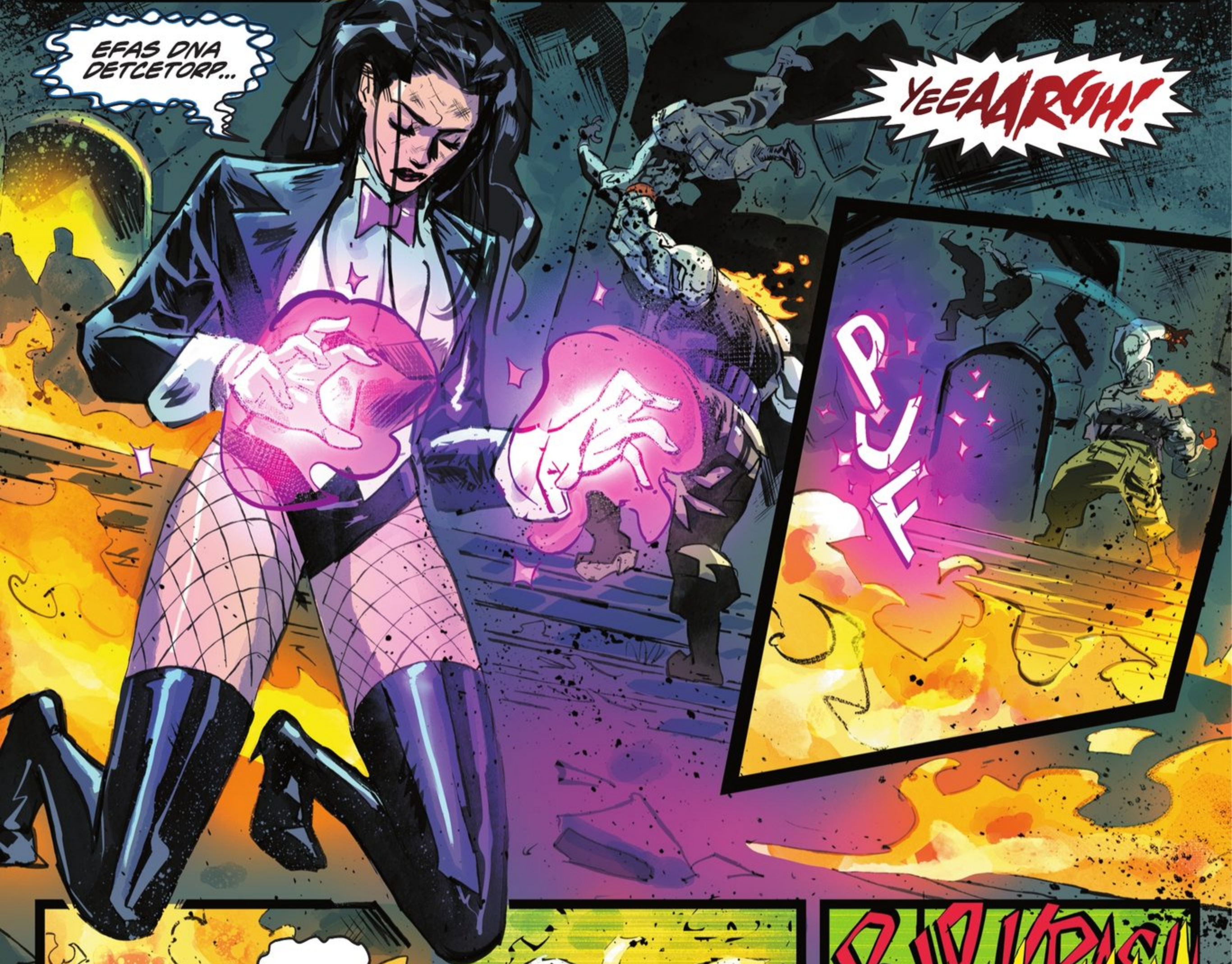
RATATATATATATA!
BUDDABUD!

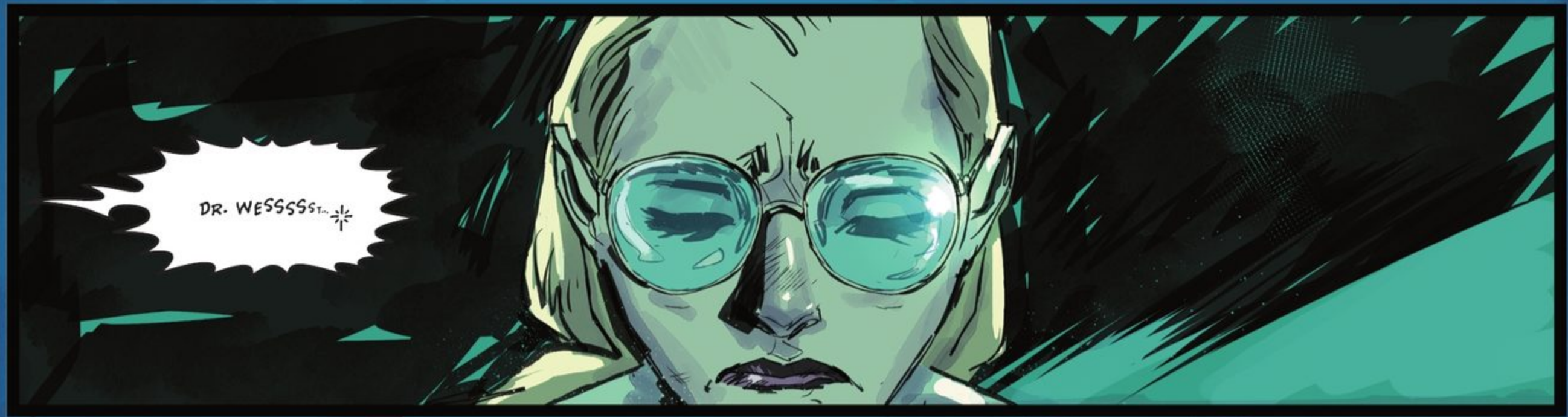
--WELL,
THAT WAS
FAST.

ROOAAARR
AAHIIIEE







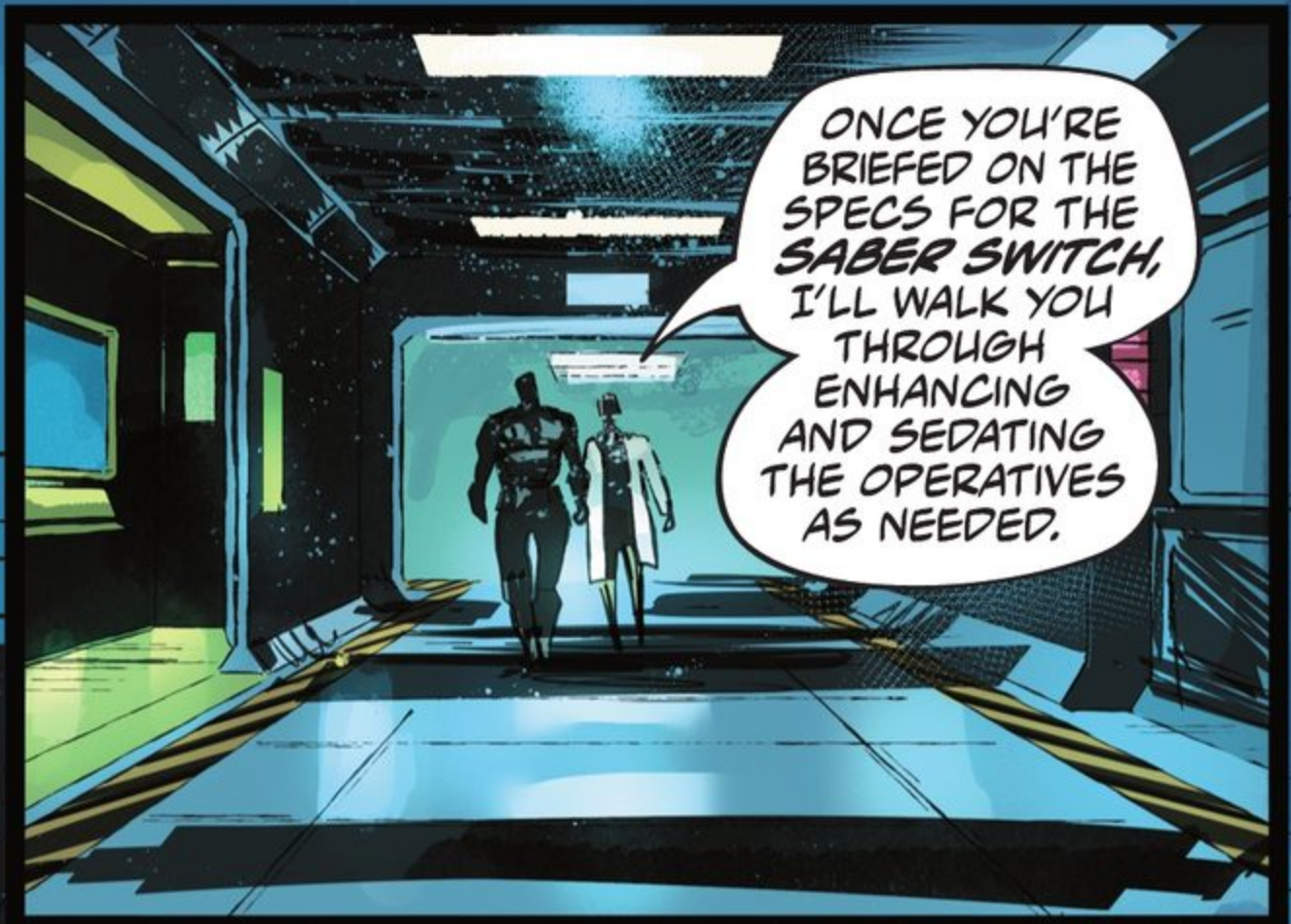


DR. WESSSSS~*

The present.



DR. WEST!
IT'S SHOW-AND-
TELL TIME.

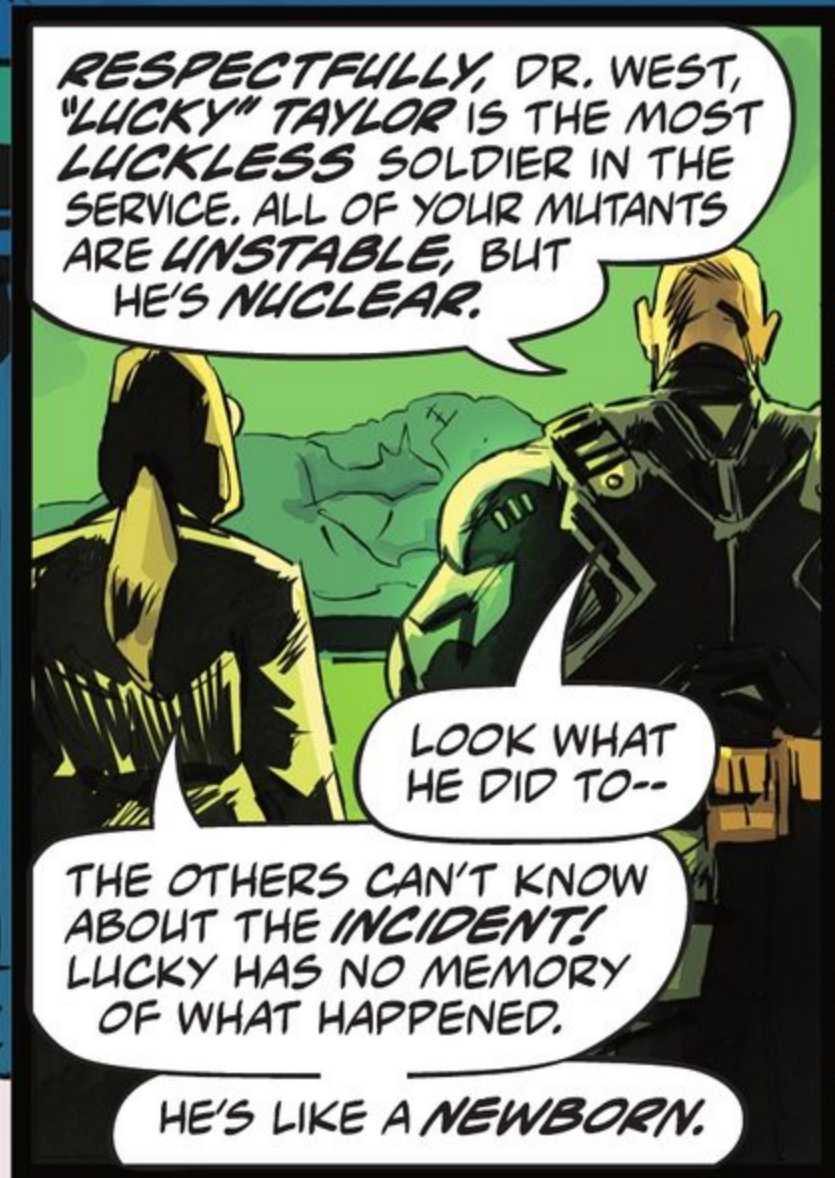


ONCE YOU'RE
BRIEFED ON THE
SPECS FOR THE
SABER SWITCH,
I'LL WALK YOU
THROUGH
ENHANCING
AND SEDATING
THE OPERATIVES
AS NEEDED.



I'M NOT
TAKING
THIS ONE.

RESPECTFULLY,
LIEUTENANT, **STAFF
SERGEANT TAYLOR**
IS THE **PRIDE** OF
THE PROGRAM.



RESPECTFULLY, DR. WEST,
"LUCKY" TAYLOR IS THE MOST
LUCKLESS SOLDIER IN THE
SERVICE. ALL OF YOUR MUTANTS
ARE **UNSTABLE**, BUT
HE'S **NUCLEAR**.

LOOK WHAT
HE DID TO--

THE OTHERS CAN'T KNOW
ABOUT THE **INCIDENT**!
LUCKY HAS NO MEMORY
OF WHAT HAPPENED.

HE'S LIKE A **NEWBORN**.



AND YOU'RE HIS MAMA.

I AM **RESPONSIBLE**
FOR HIM.



YOU **WERE**
RESPONSIBLE FOR
LIEUTENANT HARRIS!

I'M NOT TAKING
THAT **BAG OF
BOLTS** ON THIS
MISSION WITHOUT
SOME KIND OF
KILL SWITCH
ON HIS ASS!

I CAN DO IT. I AM
THE **KILL SWITCH**...



...I KNOW HOW TO
DE-ESCALATE
LUCKY.

ABSOLUTELY
NOT.

THIS MISSION IS
TOO DANGEROUS
AND ISOLATED.



BUT I--

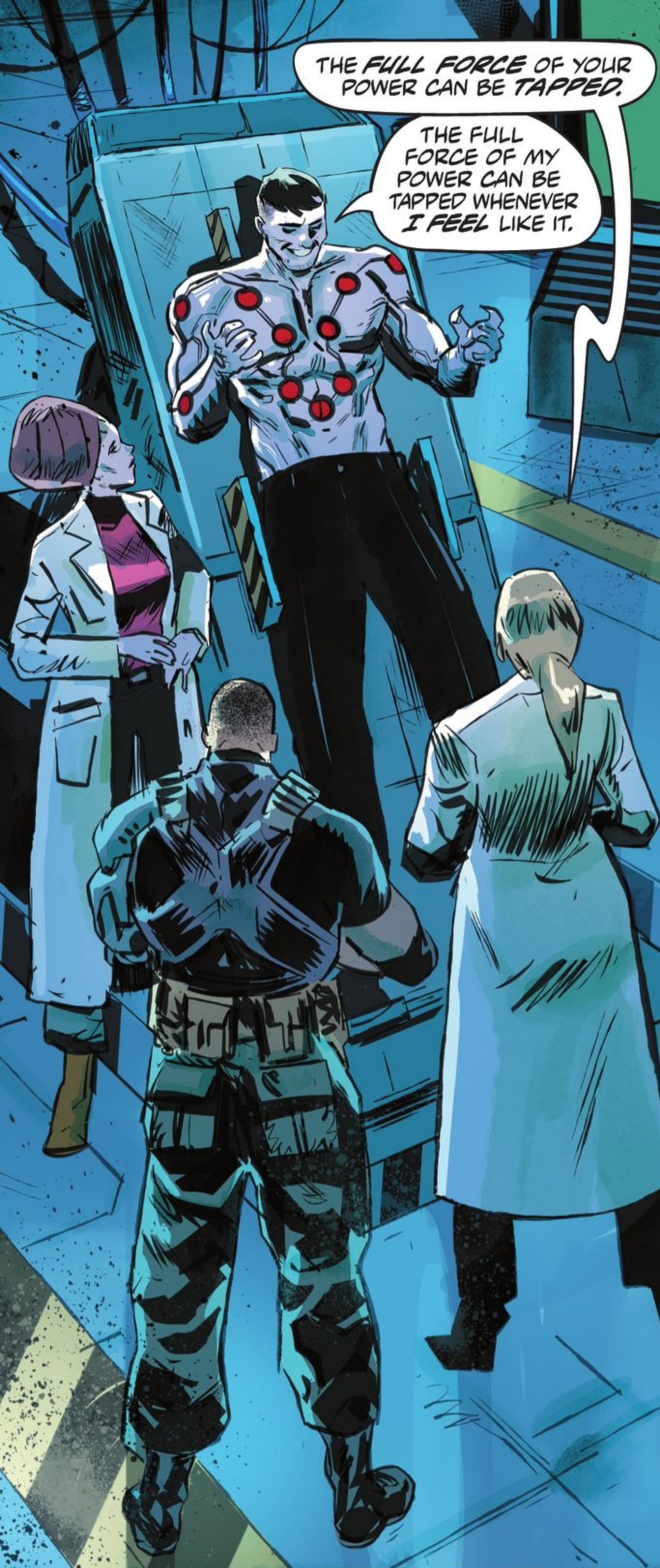
DR. WEST,
PHASE ONE
IS READY TO
COMMENCE.



VINCENT'S BEEN
EQUIPPED WITH AN
EDACITY PUMP.

I INVENTED THIS
MECHANISM TO **CONTROL**
HIS **BLOOD SUPPLY**. WHEN
FLOODED, HIS APPETITE IS
ASSUAGED.

AND WHEN
DRAINED,
GOOD
DOCTOR?



THE **FULL FORCE** OF YOUR POWER CAN BE **TAPPED**.

THE **FULL FORCE** OF MY POWER CAN BE **TAPPED** WHENEVER I **FEEL** LIKE IT.



WOULD YOU LIKE TO **TAP** THE **FULL FORCE** OF MY--

NO FREAKING WAY! I'M OUT!



WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, WANDA?

I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET THEM STICK SOMETHING INTO ME WITHOUT A **BETTER EXPLANATION**. YOU EVER HEARD OF THE **TUSKEGEE EXPERIMENT**?

HAPPY TO TOSS YOU IN A CAGE WHERE YOU BELONG, **DOG GIRL**.



LISTEN TO ME, WANDA. THIS DEVICE IS THE MOST SOPHISTICATED OF ALL MY CREATIONS.

IT'S A **LUNAR ISOTOPE DELIVERY SYSTEM**...



I CALL IT **L.I.D.S.** FOR SHORT.

WITH THIS DEVICE, YOU DON'T NEED THE **MOON** TO UNLEASH YOUR POWER. YOU CAN HARNESS YOUR **INNER GIFTS** WHENEVER YOU NEED THEM.

THERE...

DO
YOU FEEL
THAT?

ONE YEAR OF SERVICE AND
YOUR *SISTER GOES FREE*.
BUT YOU SCREW UP IN ANY WAY...
SHE WON'T SEE MOONLIGHT FOR
AN EXTRA
TEN YEARS.

I WANT IT
IN WRITING.

DONE. WE'RE GOING
UP AGAINST A FORCE OF
RECKONING THAT ARMY
INTELLIGENCE CAN'T
COMPUTE. SO BE ON
YOUR BEST BEHAVIOR,
DOG GIRL.

HA!

DOG GIRL. I'D RATHER HAVE A
KILLER TOMATO ON MY SIDE THAN A
WEREWOLF. RABID AND USELESS.

SHUT YOUR FANGS,
HEMO PHILIPS.

I USED
TO HUNT YOUR
KIND WHEN I WAS
SUMMERING IN
MOROCCO...

I SAID SHUT UP!

ONCE GOT
HIRED BY SOME
ETHNO-NATIONALISTS
WITH MONEY IN TEXAS
TO TAKE OUT A PACK
OF DOGS.

BUNCH OF
MILITANTS...
BUT WITH FLEAS.
SJWS!

VELCRO!

SOCIAL JUSTICE
WEREWOLVES!

HAHAHAHA!





LUCKY, I'M RELEASING YOU FROM THE TABLE. I NEED YOU TO HELP RESTRAIN THESE TWO SOLDIERS. THEY ARE YOUR TEAMMATES...

...SO HANDLE THEM WITH CARE.



NOW HELP GAIN CONTROL OF YOUR TEAMMATES, LUCKY!

SHOW YOUR NEW LIEUTENANT WHAT A GOOD SOLDIER YOU ARE.





NEAR
MATURITY?

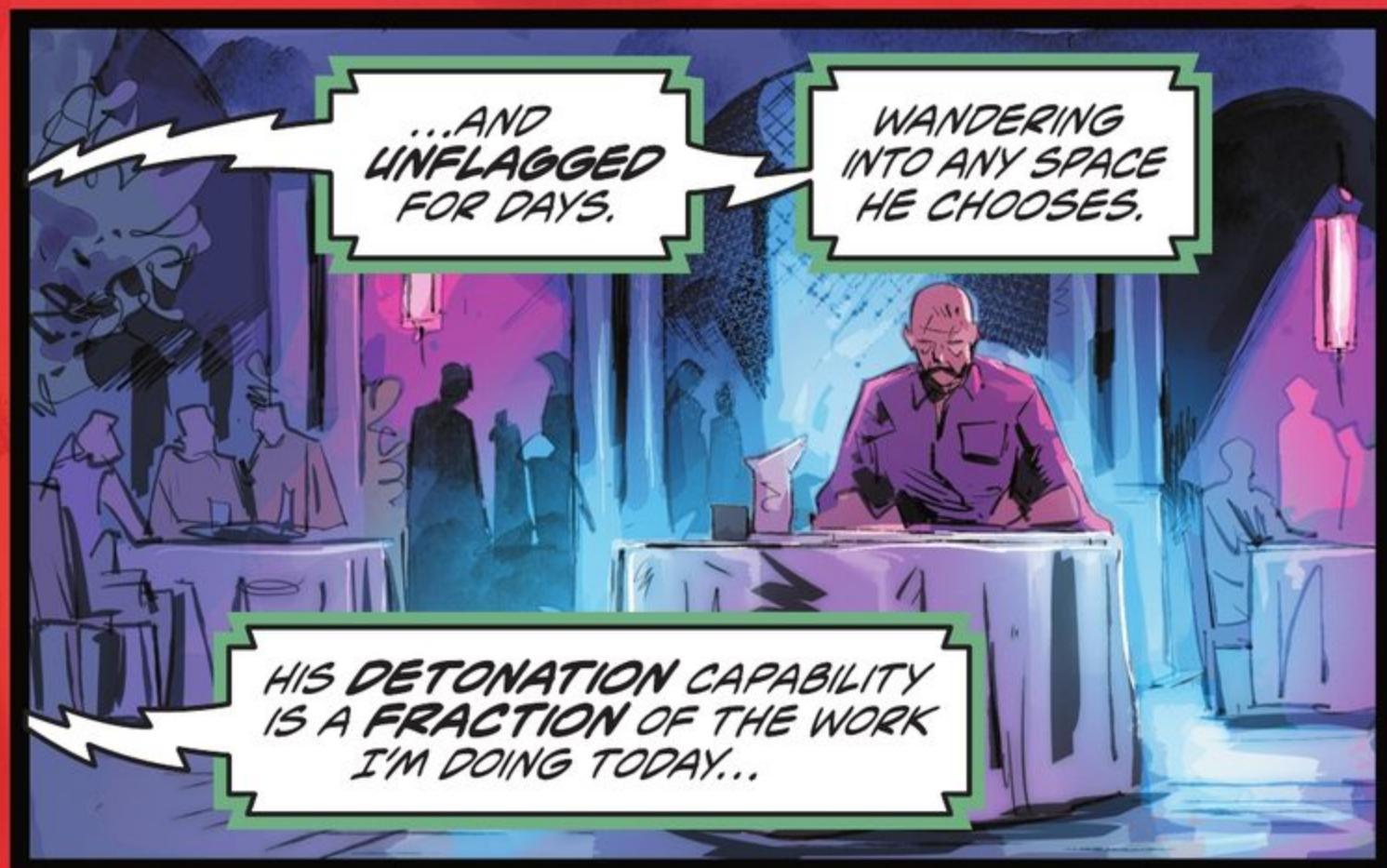


YOU'RE
NOT PAYING
ATTENTION,
KOKO.

THERE ARE
MANY MORE
POINTS OF
FOCUS THAN
JUST WHAT'S
BENEATH
YOUR NOSE.



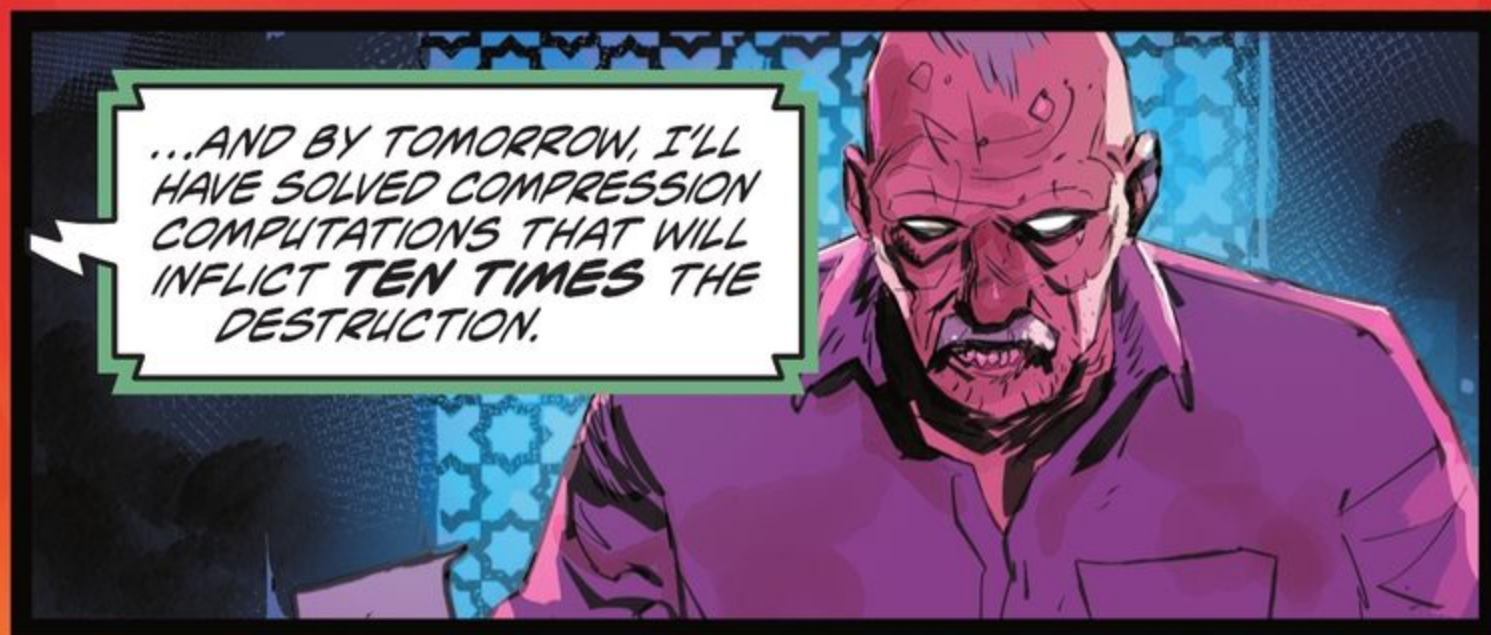
OBSERVE HOW MY
PROTOTYPE
HAS GONE
UNNOTICED...



...AND
UNFLAGGED
FOR DAYS.

WANDERING
INTO ANY SPACE
HE CHOOSES.

HIS DETONATION CAPABILITY
IS A FRACTION OF THE WORK
I'M DOING TODAY...



...AND BY TOMORROW, I'LL
HAVE SOLVED COMPRESSION
COMPUTATIONS THAT WILL
INFLECT **TEN TIMES** THE
DESTRUCTION.



BUT FOR NOW...
AN APPETIZER.





DELICIOUS.



tirso'24

DC Horror Presents: Creature Commandos #3
cover art by Tirso

Two years
ago.

THE DEADENING

DAVID DASTMALCHIAN
WRITER

JESÚS HERVÁS, ARTIST

ALEX GUIMARÃES, COLORIST
FERRAN DELGADO, LETTERER

SABRINA FUTCH, ASSOC. EDITOR
KATIE KUBERT, EDITOR

SIR.

I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO
ASK YOU TO
STOP.

TIRSO, COVER

CHRIS MITTEN
VARIANT COVER

I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO ASK
YOU TO SHUT
YOUR GODDAMN
MOUTH...

YARRGH!

SQUISH



...SIR.

AAARGH!

DEAR
GOD!

PLEASE!
WE WANT TO
HELP--!



HEHHH...

FLAAASH!

WHY ISN'T IT WORKING?!



DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING THEY TEACH YOU IN CHURCH.



WHERE'S GRAHAM?!

THE SANCTUARY. UPSTAIRS. PLEASE...WE CAN HELP YOU--



Drip
drip
drip

SPICE!

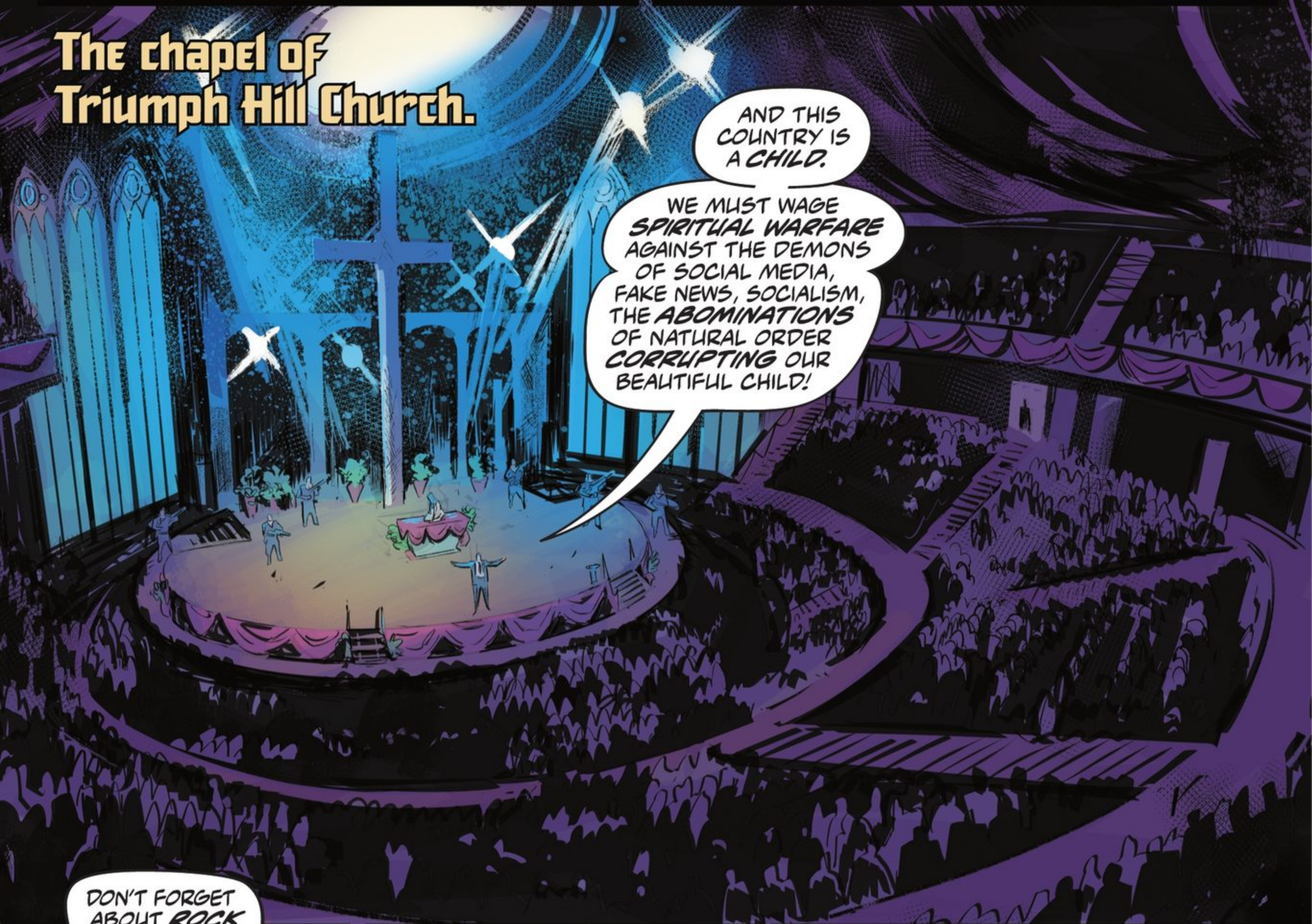


A CHILD DOES NOT UNDERSTAND SPIRITUAL FORCES.



THE PARENTS MUST **FIGHT** THEIR SPIRITUAL BATTLES AND KEEP **SATAN** OUT OF THEIR CHILD'S SOUL!

The chapel of Triumph Hill Church.



AND THIS COUNTRY IS A CHILD.

WE MUST WAGE **SPIRITUAL WARFARE** AGAINST THE DEMONS OF SOCIAL MEDIA, FAKE NEWS, SOCIALISM, THE **ABOMINATIONS** OF NATURAL ORDER **CORRUPTING** OUR BEAUTIFUL CHILD!

DON'T FORGET ABOUT **ROCK AND ROLL, GRAHAM.**



ALL ARE **WELCOME** IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

EVEN THOSE WHO HAVE STRAYED FROM THE **LIGHT.**



I DON'T REALLY **CARE** FOR THE LIGHT.

VINCENT! GET AWAY!





MAGGIE!

IT'S A TRAP!



A TRAP IMPLIES DECEPTION, AND THERE WILL BE NO LIES IN THIS HOUSE OF THE LORD!

I HAVE INVITED YOU BOTH INTO THE LIGHT OF THE LAMB...



WE INVITE YOU TO REPENT AND BE BAPTIZED IN THE BLOOD OF REDEMPTION.

I'VE GOT YOU--



SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, REVEREND, BUT HOLY WATER DOESN'T REALLY DO SHIT TO VAMPIRES.



NO?

BUT MICELLAR WATER HAS THE POWER TO CLEANSE LIKE THE HAND OF GOD.

IT CAN WASH AWAY THAT DYNAMIC TITANIUM DIOXIDE YOUR KIND USE TO PROTECT YOU FROM THE SUN.



...NO.



BAPTISM BY
THE LIGHT OF
THE LORD!

CAN
I GET AN
AMEN?



VINCENT!



AM
EE
EN!



STOP
IT!



I SAID
CAN I GET
AN AMEN?!



AMEEEEN!



...PLEASE...

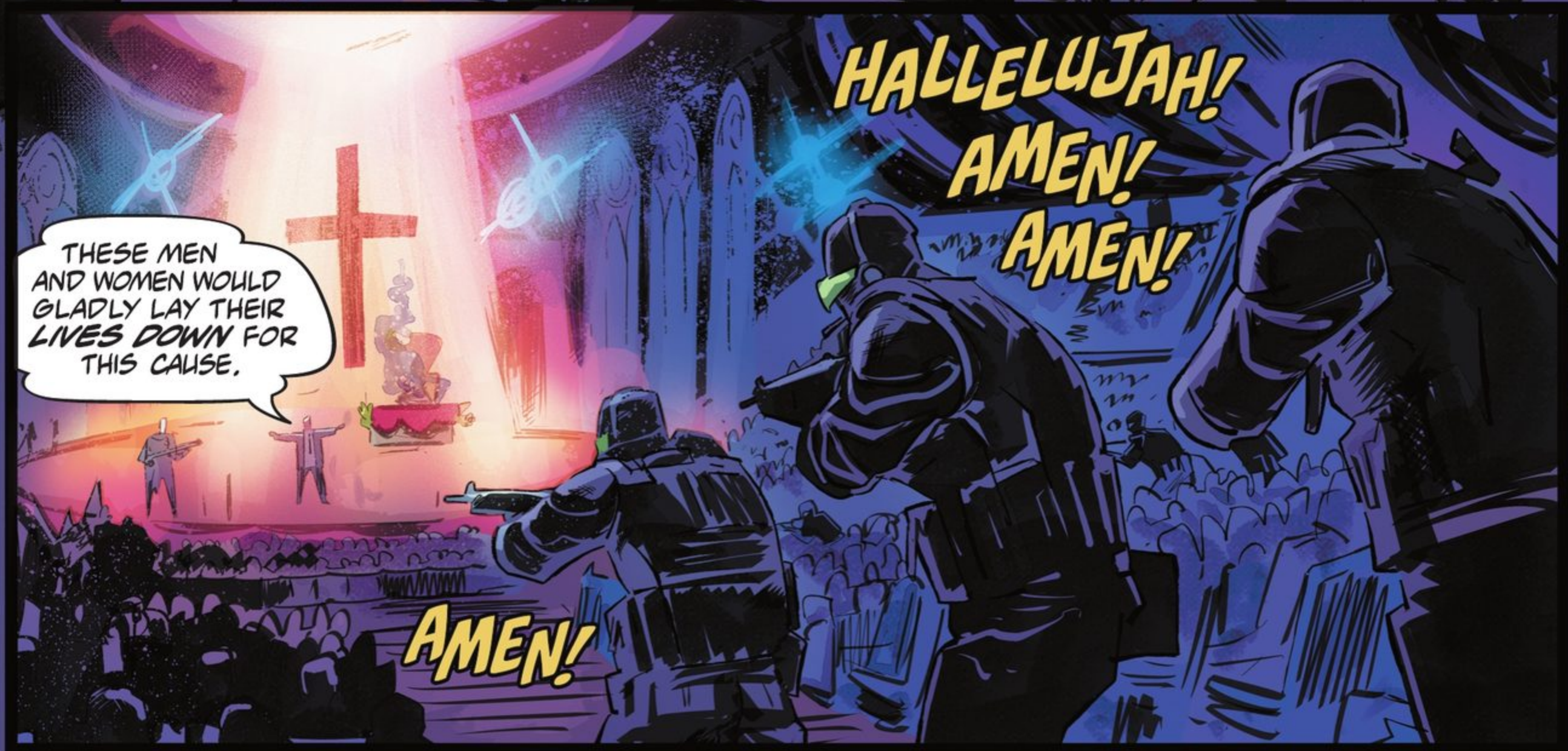


AMEEEEN!



**EVERYBODY
FREEZE!**

**SHOW
US YOUR
HANDS!**



THESE MEN
AND WOMEN WOULD
GLADLY LAY THEIR
LIVES DOWN FOR
THIS CAUSE.

**HALLELUJAH!
AMEN!
AMEN!**

AMEN!



LOOKS LIKE SOME
BLOOD WAS SHED
TODAY.

FIND
THAT
BOOK!



EYES ON THE
OTHER ONE?

I WOULD
CHECK THE
BELFRY...



...I CAN ASSURE
YOU THAT YOU WILL
HAVE **TIME ALONE**
WITH GRAHAM IN HIS CELL
FOR AS LONG AS YOU
NEED.

I THOUGHT
YOU WERE A
DOCTOR.

HIPPOCRATIC
OATH AND
ALL THAT.



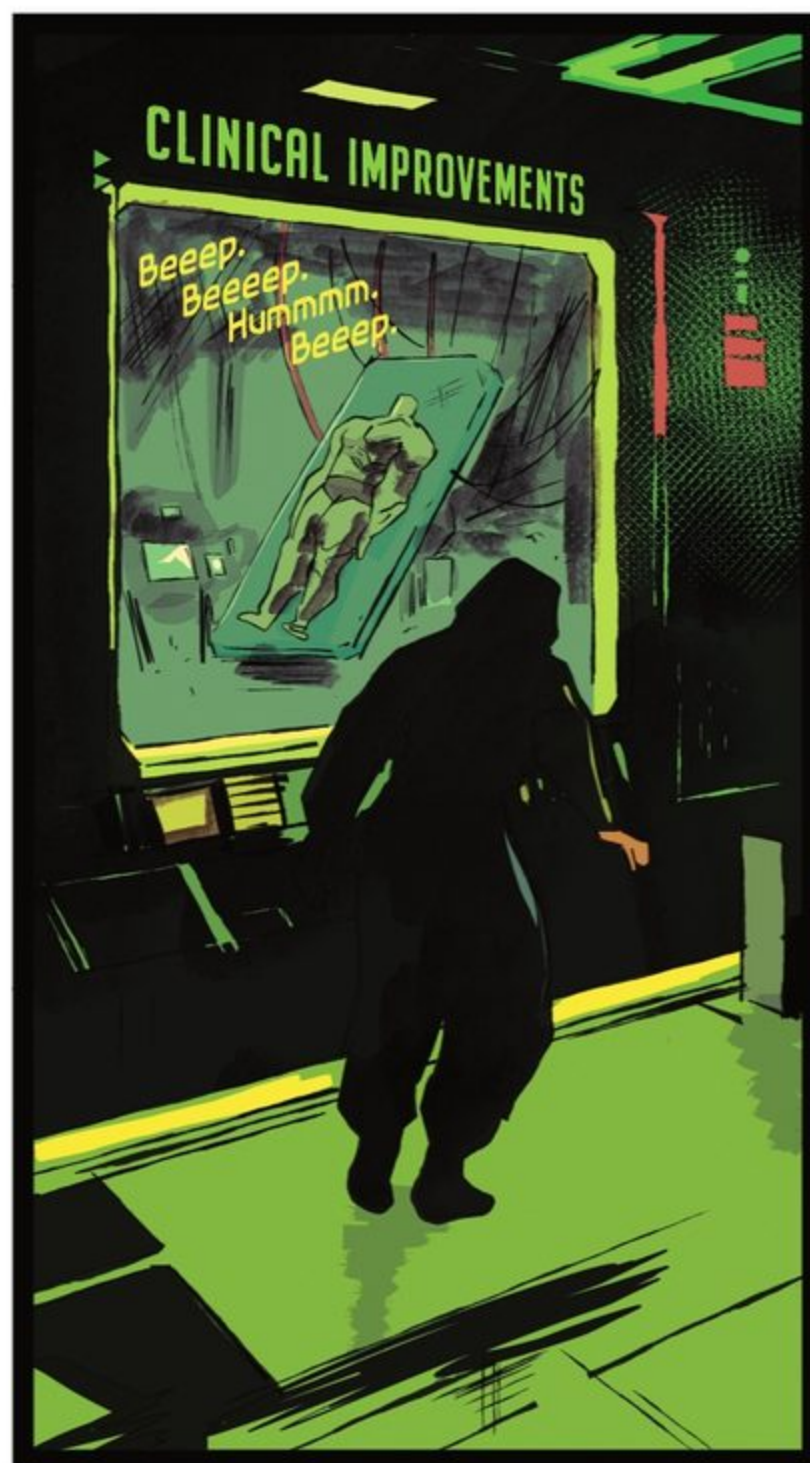
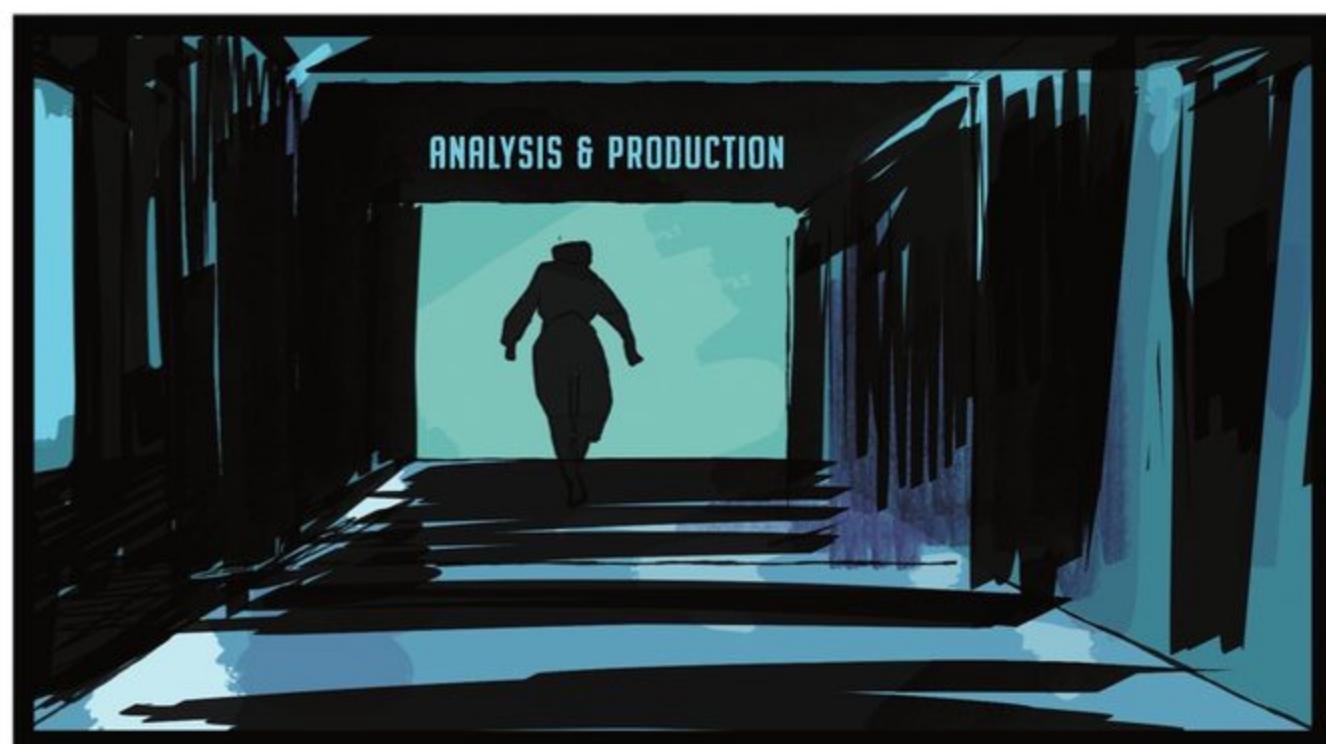
MAGGIE.

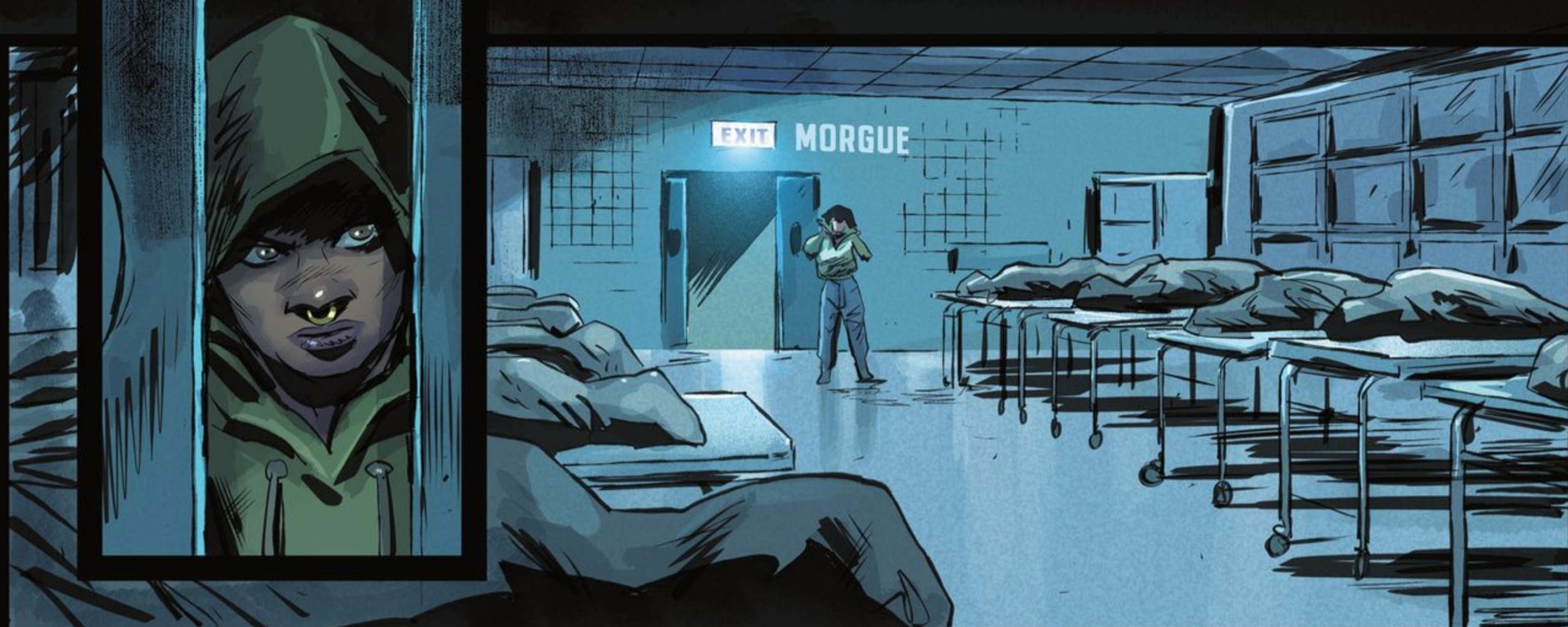
"I KNOW.

"I CAN'T BRING
HER BACK, BUT...



THAT'S
NOT EXACTLY
AN **INSULT.**





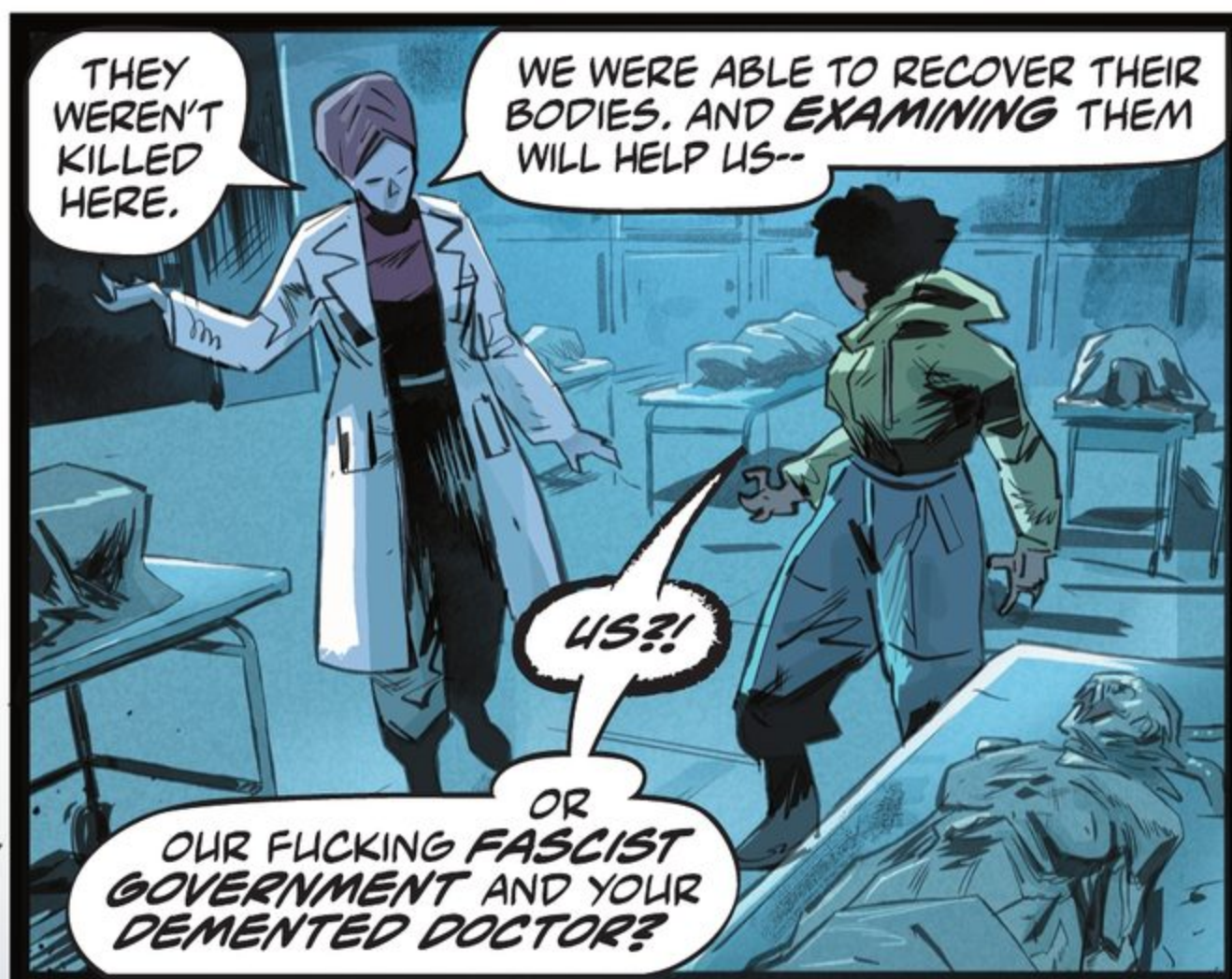


YOU
SHOULDN'T
BE IN HERE,
WANDA.

WHAT IS THIS,
MINA?!

I CALL
THIS THE
CRYING
ROOM.

OR
MAYBE THE
KILLING
ROOM?!



THEY
WEREN'T
KILLED
HERE.

WE WERE ABLE TO RECOVER THEIR
BODIES. AND *EXAMINING* THEM
WILL HELP US--

US?!

OR
OUR FUCKING *FASCIST*
GOVERNMENT AND YOUR
DEMENTED DOCTOR?



THE ONLY
REASON...

...DR. WEST
TAKES THE GOVERNMENT
MONEY IS SO SHE CAN
HELP PEOPLE LIKE US.

LIKE YOU
AND ME.

DON'T YOU
DARE LUMP US
TOGETHER.



I'M SORRY.
I KNOW YOU'VE
FACED THINGS
I CAN'T IMAGINE.

DAMN RIGHT.

BUT I WAS *TRANSFORMED* AGAINST
MY WILL INTO SOMETHING *HORRIBLE...*
AND *PAINFUL...*

...DR. WEST HAS *HEALED*
AND *HELPED* AND *TAUGHT* ME
HOW TO LIVE THIS *NEW LIFE*.



WHAT ARE YOU
EXACTLY?

IT'S HARD
TO EXPLAIN.

WHAT
HAPPENED?



"I WAS ON A JOINT MISSION **FIVE YEARS AGO** WITH SCIENTISTS AND MILITARY FROM THE U.S. AND U.K. INVESTIGATING REPORTS OF **PARANORMAL EVENTS** AROUND THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

"WHILE TAKING SAMPLES ON THE **ISLE OF WIGHT**, WE HAD A CONFRONTATION WITH A SORCERESS CALLED **MORGANA**, ALSO KNOWN AS--"

"**MORGAIN LE FEY.**"

"**MINA**, YOU FOUGHT **MORGAIN LE FEY?!"**

"**YEP.**"

"HOW DID YOU **SURVIVE?!"**

"I HAVE NO IDEA. I'M THE **ONLY ONE** WHO DID.

"SHE CAST A **SPELL** ON ME THAT ATTRACTED A NUMBER OF THE ELEMENTS FROM THE SURROUNDING AREA... INCLUDING **TRINITITE.**"

"**DAMN.**"



WHEN I MET DR. WEST, SHE BECAME CONVINCED...

...THAT THERE WOULD BE A WAY MY CURSED CONDITION COULD BECOME A **POWERFUL WEAPON** USED FOR **GOOD**.



SERVING A GOVERNMENT THAT **OPPRESSES** MOST OF ITS CITIZENS IS 'GOOD'?

THE **MONEY** DR. WEST GETS FROM THE MILITARY PAYS FOR THE KIND OF RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT THAT CAN **SAVE LIVES**.

HAH.



OUR LIVES!

THE WORLD SEES US AS **MONSTERS**.

AS NOTHING BUT **GHOULS** AND **FREAKS**.

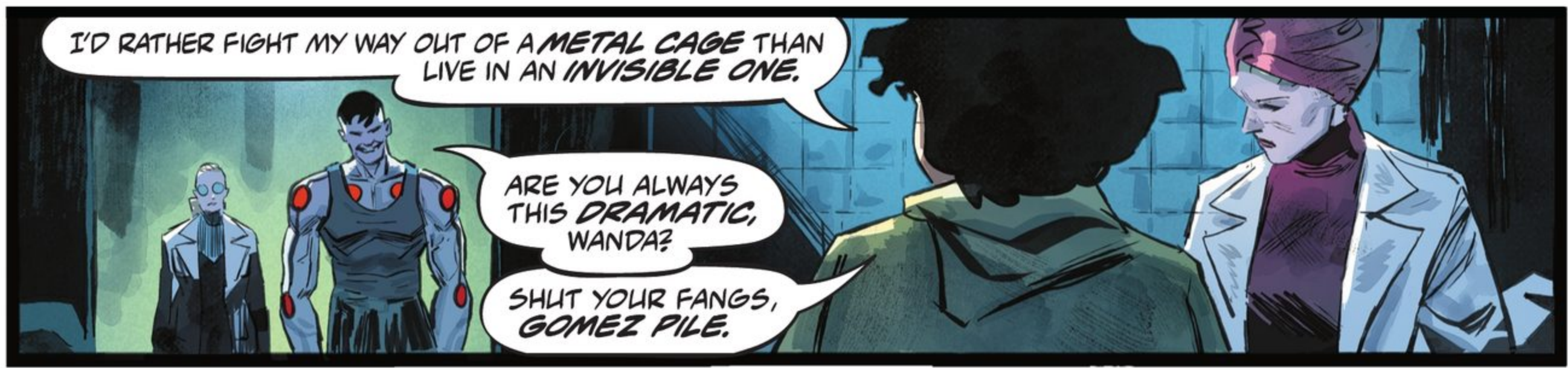
DR. WEST KNOWS WE CAN TURN THESE THINGS THAT MAKE US **DIFFERENT** INTO SOMETHING **POWERFUL**. SOMETHING **USEFUL**.



YOU THINK I WASN'T USING MY POWER FOR SOMETHING **USEFUL**?!?

I'VE BEEN PUTTING THIS ANIMAL INSIDE ME TO USE SINCE I COULD **RIP** THE EAR OFF A **SKINHEAD** WITH A **BB GUN**.

AND THEN GET **THROWN** INTO A **CAGE** FOR IT.



I'D RATHER FIGHT MY WAY OUT OF A **METAL CAGE** THAN LIVE IN AN **INVISIBLE** ONE.

ARE YOU ALWAYS THIS **DRAMATIC**, WANDA?

SHUT YOUR FANGS, **GOMEZ PILE**.



MAKE ME, YOU MANGY MUTT--!

GLADLY!

WANDA--!

STOP.



I SAID **STOP!**



==AHHH...==

DOCTOR...?

I'M FINE, MINA. THANK YOU. THANK ALL OF YOU. FOR **TRUSTING** ME WITH YOUR GIFTS. AND YOUR LIVES.

DIDN'T GIVE US MUCH OF A **CHOICE**, DID YOU?

I ONCE GAVE MY TRUST COMPLETELY TO SOMEONE WHO **ABANDONED** ME IN MY MOMENT OF **GREATEST NEED**.

I WAS FORCED TO WORK ALONE. I DOVE DEEP INTO MY FAITH IN **SCIENCE** AND **MEDICINE...**

...BECAUSE I KNEW THERE WERE PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD... PEOPLE LIKE **YOU...**



...PEOPLE WHO THE WORLD WANTS TO CLASSIFY AS **BAD**. **BAD MONSTERS**.

WHAT A **DISGUSTING LIE**. THE "BAD MONSTERS" DON'T USUALLY SPROUT **HAIR** OR **BARE FANGS...** THEY'RE SITTING ON HIGH LIKE **ROYALTY**.

THEY WOULD SOONER USE YOUR DIFFERENCES TO **SEPARATE** YOU, **ERADICATE** YOU, OR--



OR **EXPLOIT** US.



I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU FEEL THAT WAY, **WANDA**. AND IT'S NOT ENTIRELY **UNTRUE**.



BUT IN THEIR **EXPLOITATION** WE CAN BREAK GROUND IN **RESEARCH** AND **DEVELOPMENT...**



...THAT WILL GIVE YOU A **CHANCE** AT A FUTURE YOU NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE.

AND A FUTURE FOR **GENERATIONS** OF PEOPLE LIKE YOU. TO BE **INCLUDED**. TO **MATTER**.

SORRY TO BUST UP YOUR **BLOODSUCKER** THERAPY SESSION, BUT--





...EILING JUST
BUMPED UP OUR
TIMETABLE.

INTELLIGENCE SAYS
THE ENEMY'S MOVING
THE *WEAPON* SOON.

WE ROLL
AT 0400.



ARE YOU
JOKING?!

THERE'S NO WAY IN HELL
THEY'RE *READY* TO DEPLOY!
I *FEEL* LIKE WE NEED
TO GET GENERAL--



IT'S AN *ORDER*,
WEST.

AND AN ORDER
DOESN'T GIVE
A RAT'S ASS ABOUT
YOUR *FEELINGS*.

WE'RE *MORE*
READY FOR THE
OPERATION THAN *ANY*
OF THESE AVERAGE
SOLDIERS,
DR. WEST.



I ASSURE
YOU.

BUT...

I *PROMISE*
YOU, DOCTOR.



I CAN KEEP THE TEAM UP TO SPEED
ON ALL YOUR TOOLS AND
ENHANCEMENTS. *WE CAN DO THIS.*

MINA...

WE'VE GOT THIS. TIME
FOR YOU TO *TRUST* US NOW.



WHEN YOU'RE DONE
SHARING FEELINGS,
FREAKS, MEET IN
COMMAND ROOM
ONE.

AND GET
THAT BIG, GREEN
BAG OF BOLTS
CHARGED UP.

"The Gray Zone."
Somewhere off
the Skeleton Coast,
Namibia.

THEY'RE AWARE
OF OUR IMPENDING
MOVEMENT.

IF YOU'RE GOING
TO SPEAK, KOKO,
PLEASE ONLY EMIT
WORDS THAT SHARE
DATA I DON'T
ALREADY KNOW.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN,
WHY DID YOU ENTER TARGET
COORDINATES 38.9108°
NORTH AND 75.5277° WEST?

I...IT'S THE
DELAWARE
LOCATION FOR
STRIKE ONE,
CORRECT?

INCORRECT.
THE COORDINATES
FOR DOVER ARE
 39.1582° NORTH...

... 75.5244°
WEST.

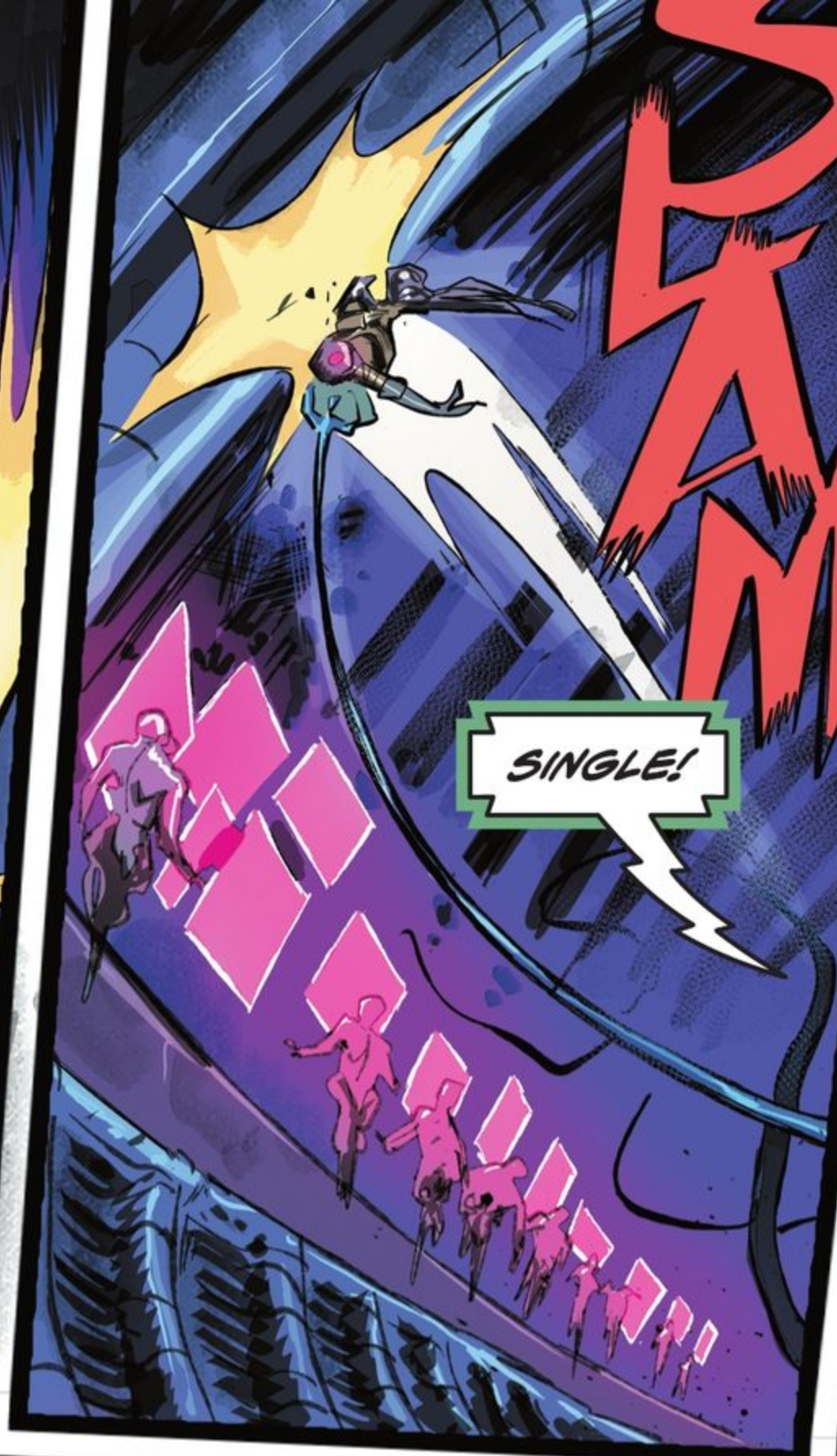
I'M SORRY, SIR.
I THOUGHT--

YOU SPENT AN
EXTRA SEVENTEEN
MINUTES ON YOUR
MEALTIME LAST
EVENING WHEN
YOU SHOULD HAVE
BEEN GETTING
REST.

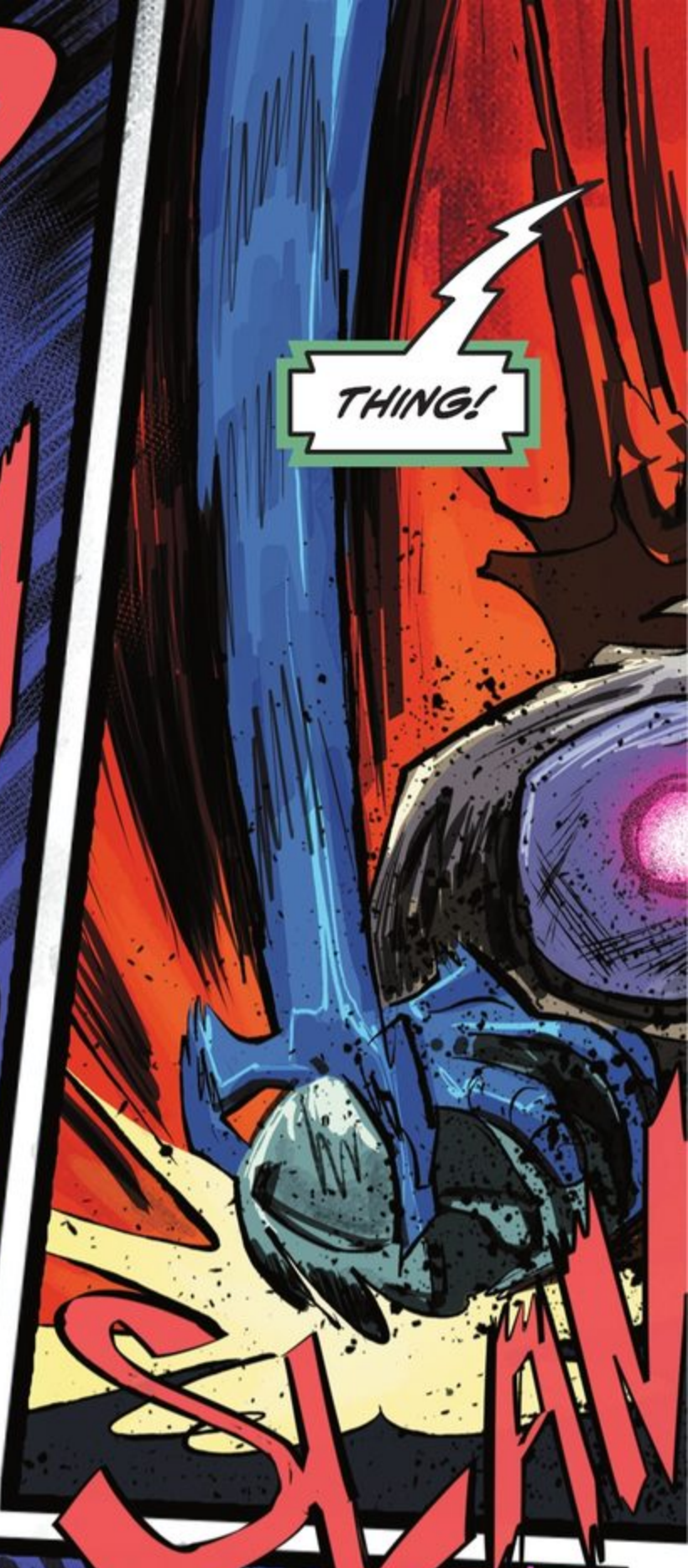
DO YOU
ALL THINK I'M
NOT WATCHING...
EVERYTHING?



EVERY!



SINGLE!



THING!



I AM CLEAR AND I AM CONSISTENT AND YET THEY STILL FAIL TO LISTEN, KOKO.

I KNOW. THERE, THERE... THEY WILL LISTEN BETTER NOW.

THEY WILL, WON'T THEY?

CERTAINLY.



NOW SOMEONE CLEAN UP THIS MESS IMMEDIATELY!



THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME TO FULFILL THE **FIRST PHASE** OF THIS PLAN, BUT THE CALCULATIONS ARE IN A CONSTANTLY-AUGMENTED STATE OF **PROGRESS** THAT WILL--

--CONTINUOUSLY MATURE UP UNTIL THE MOMENT OF **IMPACT** WITH A REFINING PROGRAM OF PRECISION SHARPENED BY THE **NANOSECOND** BY A--



--TRENDING PROGRESSION ON TRACK WITH THE EXACTITUDE OF **MOORE'S LAW** ITSELF!

AND THEN...



...**BANG!**

Mount Tamalpais,
California.





Sgt. Elliot "Lucky" Taylor
December 3, 1993 - August 15, 2018

WHO
ARE YOU,
**SERGEANT
TAYLOR?**

AND MORE
IMPORTANTLY...
**WHERE ARE
YOU?**

**LUCKY
READY!**



COMBAT SHOCK!

YOU
SEE THAT
GUY...?

SHOCK!

DAVID DASTMALCHIAN
WRITER

JESÚS HERVÁS, ARTIST

ALEX GUIMARÃES, COLORIST
FERRAN DELGADO, LETTERER

SABRINA FUTCH, ASSOC. EDITOR
KATIE KUBERT, EDITOR

TIRSO, COVER

KELLEY JONES &
MICHELLE MADSEN
VARIANT COVER



...NOW THAT'S THE GUY I WANT ON MY SIDE FOR THIS MISSION.



STAFF SERGEANT TAYLOR IS ONE OF THE GREATEST SOLDIERS TO EVER SERVE.

STAFF SERGEANT... HAR!

HE'S A HALF-WIT. BUT HE'S A HELLUVA FIGHTER.



HE'S GIVEN MORE FOR THIS COUNTRY THAN MOST.

AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T TAUGHT ME HOW TO USE HIS ON AND OFF SWITCH.

I CAN CONTROL THE SABRE SETTINGS REMOTELY--

THE HELL YOU WILL!

MY SOLDIERS. MY CONTROL.



AND I DON'T TRUST YOU FOR A SECOND TO HIT THE RIGHT BUTTONS AT THE RIGHT TIME, GOOD DOCTOR.

WHAT ARE YOU IMPLYING, LIEUTENANT?



GENERAL EILING WILL BE HERE BY SUNUP AND HE'S ALREADY GIVEN ME THE SKINNY ON YOU, "GOOD" DOCTOR.



YOU'RE NOT IN ANY POSITION TO DISOBEY ORDERS.



LOVE A ROOM FULL OF TOYS.

THESE AREN'T TOYS, SHRIEVE.

WHERE'S THE KILL-SWITCH TOY?

SOME OF THESE TOOLS CAN MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAN AND MONSTER, BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

THE *SABRE* IS DECEPTIVELY SIMPLE.

EACH OF THE TEAM MEMBERS FROM *PROJECT M* UNDER YOUR COMMAND IS *PROGRAMMED* INTO THE SYSTEM.

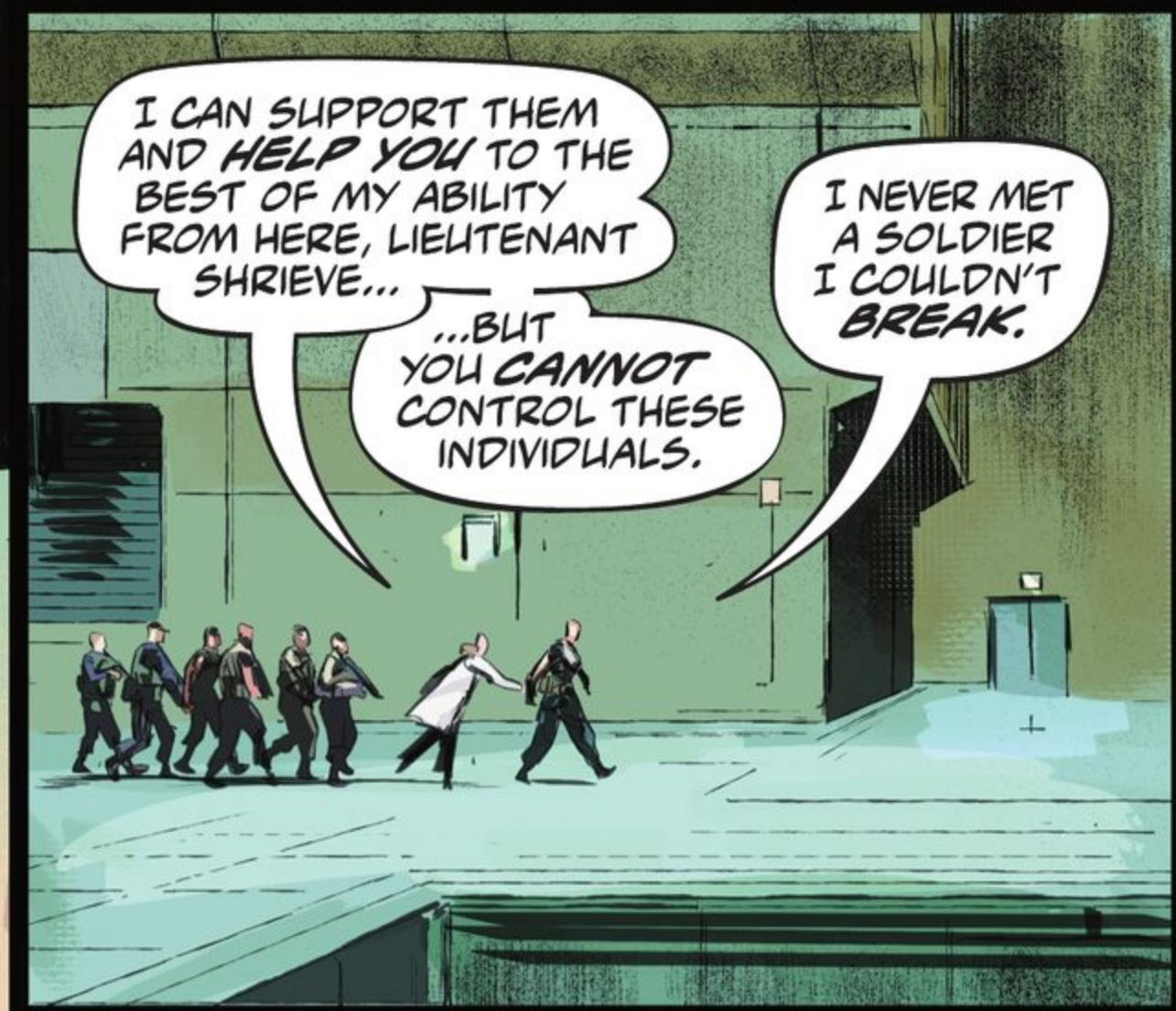
HOW DO I MAKE THEM GO FULL MONSTER MODE?

INITIATING THEIR *FRENZY MODE* WITH THIS DEVICE WILL TRIGGER THEM INTO *PEAK BATTLE CAPABILITY*.

BUT THIS MEANS THEY'RE BASICALLY *OUT OF CONTROL*. NONE OF THEM CAN ENTER THEIR *BERSERK MODE* IN THE PRESENCE OF *HUMAN SOLDIERS* OR *INNOCENT CIVILIANS*.

ESPECIALLY *LUCKY*.

THAT'S WHY I'M BRINGING OL' *SNAKE HEAD*. SHE CAN SETTLE HIM DOWN.



I CAN SUPPORT THEM AND **HELP YOU** TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY FROM HERE, LIEUTENANT SHRIEVE...

...BUT YOU **CANNOT** CONTROL THESE INDIVIDUALS.

I NEVER MET A SOLDIER I COULDN'T **BREAK.**



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, LIEUTENANT. I CAN **HELP YOU--**

YOU'VE BEEN PLENTY OF HELP HERE, **DR. WEST.** BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO TAKE THE DIAPERS OFF.

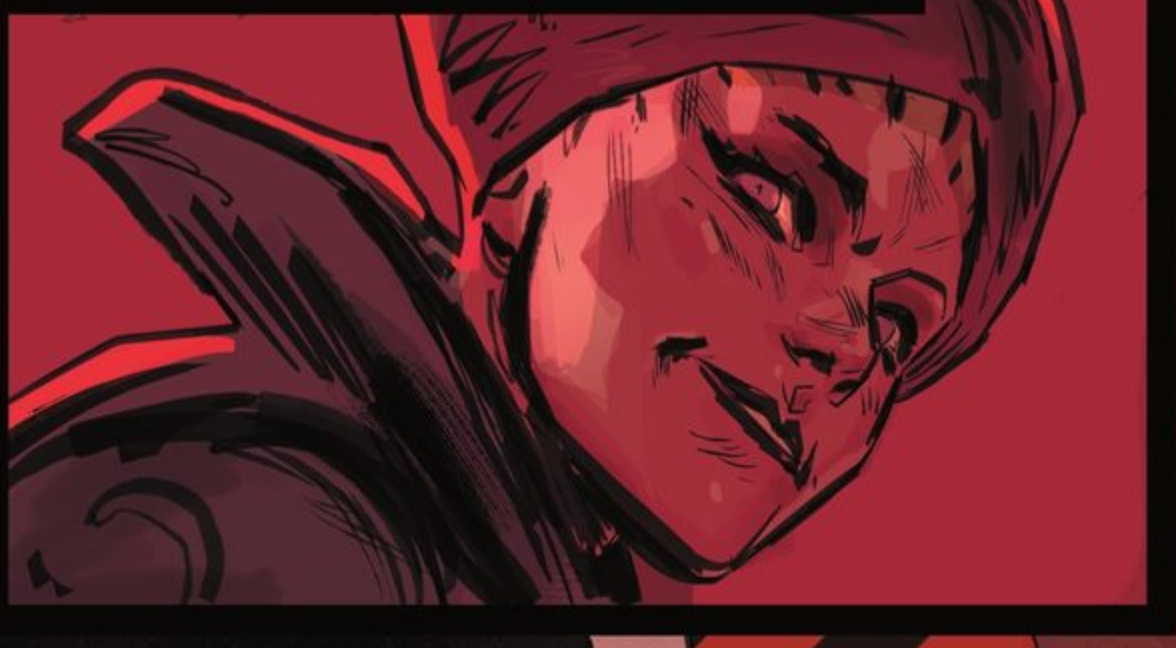
IT'S GAME DAY.



ENJOY YOUR IN-FLIGHT ENTERTAINMENT, **ASSHOLES.**

WE'VE GOT TWELVE HOURS TILL TARGET. A TROPICAL JUNGLE ON AN ISLAND OFF THE **SKELETON COAST** OF NAMIBIA.

WE'RE CALLING IT "**GRAY SANCTUARY.**"



B BRRRRRR



IT'S LIKE *GREY GARDENS* BUT WITH MALARIA?

THIS ISN'T *JUNGLE CRUISE*, VELCRO. WE DON'T NEED YOUR JOKES EVERY FIVE SECONDS.



UNDERSTOOD.

YOU PACKED YOUR *FLEA COLLAR* FOR THE TRIP, YES?

RAAAAAAR! SHUT UP!



YOU SURE THIS IS A *GOOD IDEA*?

OF COURSE NOT.

BUT WHEN THE HELL DID THAT EVER *STOP* US?

LIEUTENANT SHRIEVE?



WHAT, *SNAKE HEAD*?

I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW A BIT MORE ABOUT THE MISSION, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

AS YOUR *SAFEGUARD RESOURCE* AND POINT OF CONTACT FOR THE TEAM, I SHOULD HAVE--

YOU *SHOULD* HAVE WHAT I GIVE YOU AND *WHEN* I GIVE IT. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW AND *THAT'S* IT.



NOW, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?

I, UH--

IT'S MY *BEST FRIEND*.

WE GOT A *TWELVE-HOUR* FLIGHT. NOW I CAN SLEEP...



...AND I DON'T
HAVE TO LOOK
AT YOUR UGLY
FACES.



AT LEAST
THE BEHEMOTH
DOESN'T HAVE
THE BRAINS TO
BE INSULTED.

I ENVY HIM
A BIT.



THERE IS FAR
MORE GOING ON
WITHIN LUCKY'S
MIND THAN YOU
WILL EVER
REALIZE.



Twelve hours later.



YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING?

I WAS JUMPING OUT
OF GOONEY BIRDS
AT THE *BATTLE*
OF KASSEL.

YEAH? FOR
WHICH SIDE?



WOOSH!



HOW ABOUT
YOU, *PUPPY*
CHOW? YOU
SCARED OF
HEIGHTS?

I'M NOT
SCARED OF
SHIT!

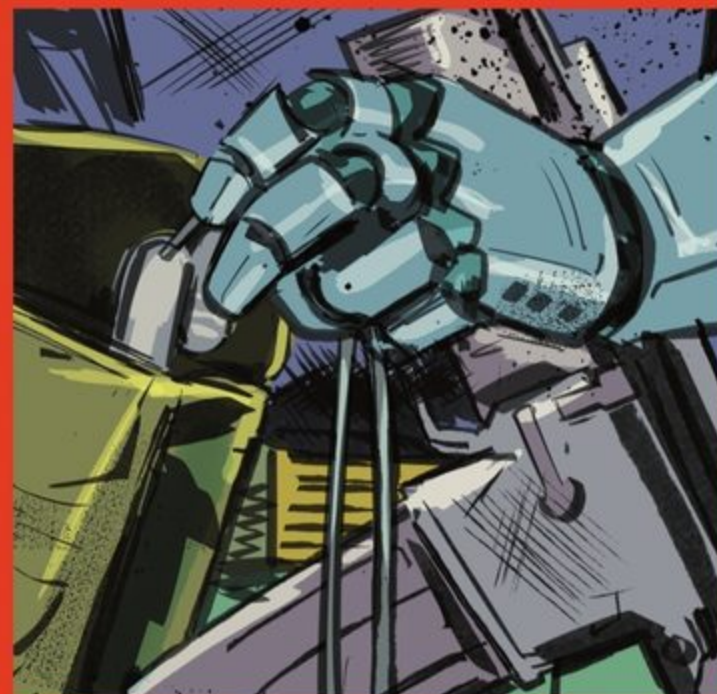












WE'RE NOT EXPECTING A MEDAL OF HONOR, LIEUTENANT, BUT FEEL FREE TO APPLAUD.



SO THE FREAKS K.O.'D A COUPLE OF ROOMBA CATS.

LET'S SEE HOW THEY HANDLE THE BIG DOGS...

MOVE OUT!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE NOT TELLING US?

YOU'RE ON A NEED-TO-KNOW BASIS, MEDUSA. WE ALL ARE.

THE SOONER YOU GET USED TO THAT, THE SOONER YOU'LL BE A USEFUL SOLDIER FOR THE U.S. MILITARY--



THE SOONER YOU GET USED TO THE FACT THAT WE'RE NOT HERE TO BE USEFUL FOR YOU OR YOUR MILITARY--

SHHHHT!!

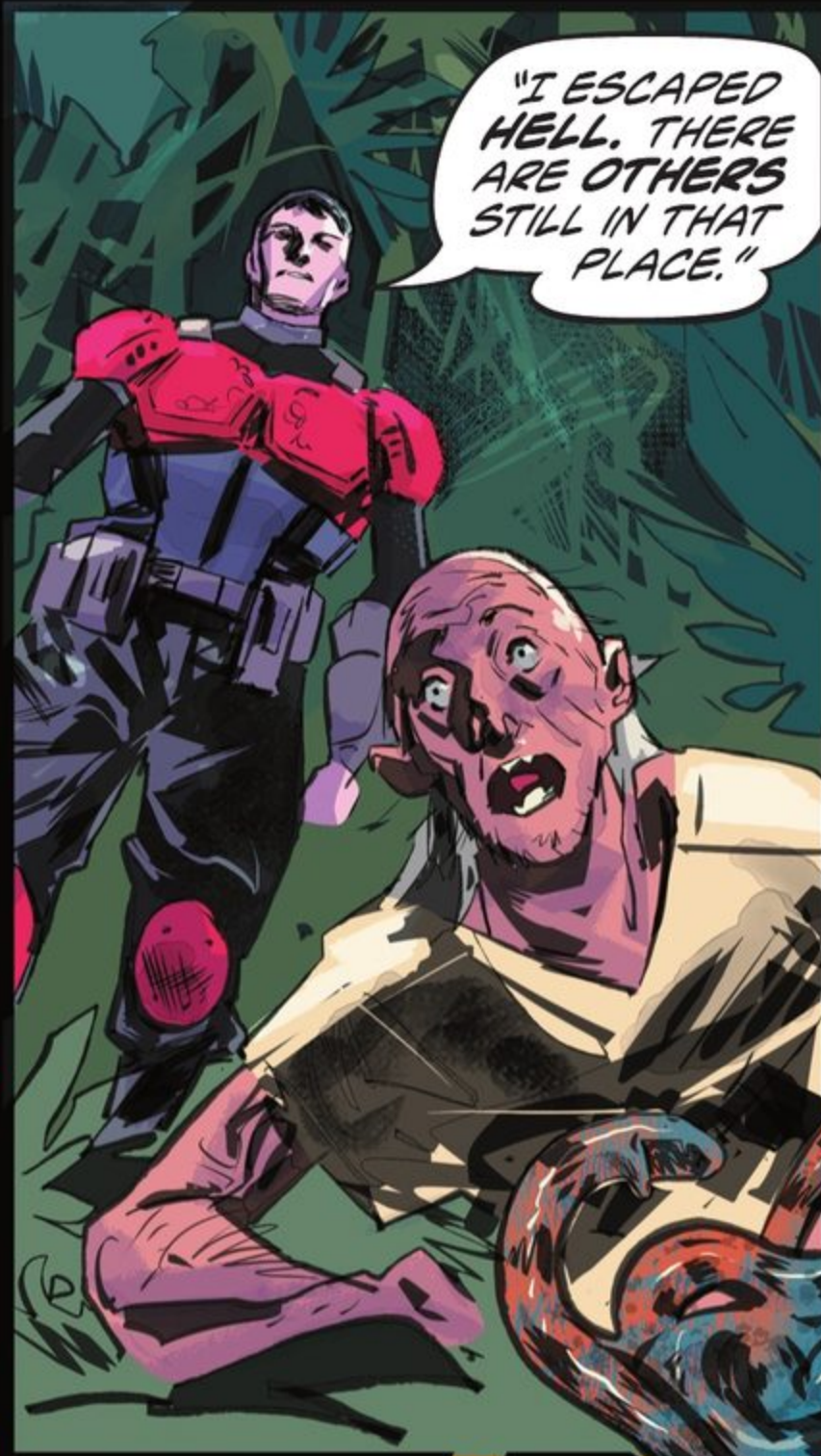




J'AI
ÉCHAPPÉ À
L'ENFER.

IL Y EN A
D'AUTRES
ENCORE LÀ
CE LIEU.

IT'S FRENCH...
SOMETHING
ABOUT...HELL.



"I ESCAPED
HELL. THERE
ARE OTHERS
STILL IN THAT
PLACE."



LET ME SEE
WHAT I CAN
FIND OUT...

J'AI
ÉCHAPPÉ À
L'ENFER...



WHAT
IS THIS
PLACE YOU
FLED?

WHERE
IS IT--?





WHAT THE HELL?!

STOP HIM!

FW BOOSH HHHHHHHHHH



...THERE WERE THINGS IN THAT MAN'S MIND...

...I CAN'T FATHOM.



WE'VE HAD AN ENCOUNTER. HEADING TO THE TARGET NOW.

WHAT ARE YOU HIDING, SHRIEVE?

STAY OUT OF MY HEAD, LADY.

"WHAT ARE YOU HIDING, GENERAL?"

Back at Project M.



I'VE GIVEN YOU MORE INFORMATION THAN MOST.

AND YET YOU CONTINUE TO FAIL.



WHY DO I GET THE FEELING YOU WANT ME TO FAIL?!

AS SKILLFUL AS YOU ARE WITH THE MINUTIAE AND MICROSCOPIC REALITIES, DOCTOR...



...YOUR INABILITY TO LOOK AT A SITUATION WITH ANY OBJECTIVITY IS STUNNING.



MAYBE A LITTLE MORE PERSPECTIVE ON THINGS WOULD HELP YOU LEARN TO *CONTAIN* YOUR DEMONS.



THERE'S A *STRUCTURAL VULNERABILITY* ON THE NORTH EDGE OF THAT WALL, AND WE'LL USE *ELECTRIC DESTABILIZER CHARGES* TO OVERRIDE THE SECURITY ALERT.

AND WHAT *FUN* CAN WE EXPECT ONCE WE GET IN THERE?

COPY.



THE ASSET WE NEED TO *RECOVER* IS A *WEAPON* BEING HELD IN A CHAMBER AT THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF THE FACILITY.



WHAT *KIND* OF WEAPON?

THE ONLY INFORMATION I'VE BEEN GIVEN IS THE *LOCATION*.



AND *WHO...* OR *WHAT* IS PROTECTING THIS WEAPON?

THAT'S THE *TRICKY* PART.



WE ONLY HAVE
READINGS OF A FEW
ORGANIC BEINGS
INSIDE.

BEINGS?

PROBABLY
HUMAN.

PROBABLY.
HA.

BUT THERE
SEEMS TO BE AN
OVERABUNDANCE
OF ACTIVITY, SO...



ZZZT THUMP



SHRIEVE?

ROBOTS.





I HATE
ROBOTS.



THE UNITS
ARE PREPARED
TO ATTACK.

LET THEM BE
STILL ANOTHER
FIFTEEN SECONDS.

I REVEL IN THE
SOUND RECORDINGS
OF THESE SOLDIERS'
RISING PULSES.

AND THE
MONSTERS?



THIS IS
THE PERFECT
OPPORTUNITY
TO LEARN
WHAT MAKES
THEM TICK.



I WANT TO
UNDERSTAND
THE TRIGGERING
MECHANISM FOR
THIS SO-CALLED
FRENZY OR
BERSERK MODE
FROM DR. WEST'S
HYPOTHESES.

LET THE
RESEARCH
BEGIN.





THE HORRORS OF WAR!

DAVID DASTMALCHIAN / JESÚS HERVÁS / ALEX GUIMARÃES
WRITER ARTIST COLORIST

FERRAN DELGADO, LETTERER
SABRINA FUTCH, ASSOC. EDITOR
KATIE KUBERT, EDITOR

TIRSO, COVER
SEBA FILMARA
VARIANT COVER

I WANT TO UNDERSTAND
THE TRIGGERING MECHANISM
FOR THIS SO-CALLED FRENZY
OR BERSERK MODE FROM
DR. WEST'S HYPOTHESES.

LET THE
RESEARCH
BEGIN.

I HATE
ROBOTS.

IS THERE
ANYTHING YOU
DON'T HATE,
SHRIEVE?

NOT
REALLY.

HERE,
SNAKE HEAD.
TAKE THIS.







LINGH!
LINGH!

LUCKY!



WE'RE GETTING
OUR ASSES
HANDLED TO US!

PERMISSION
TO INITIATE
THE DEVICE,
SIR?!

NO!



HE'S TOO CLOSE
TO THE OTHER
SOLDIERS!

THEY'LL GET
KILLED!



YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

NO, DOCTOR,
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



YOU CREATE
ASSETS. THOSE
ASSETS KILL
THINGS.

THEY
SERVE A
PURPOSE.

TO KILL.

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
DO...

Ten years ago.



YOU DON'T THINK I **MARRIED** YOU JUST BECAUSE OF THE TERRIBLE **LASAGNA** YOUR MOTHER MAKES US, DO YOU?

I KNEW IT WAS **GENOME TRACING** ALL ALONG.

AND THE LASAGNA.



BUT IT'S **OUR NIGHT** FOR DINNER AND--

I KNOW, HONEY, I'M SORRY. I JUST NEED TO SEE IF THIS IDEA IS **VIABLE**. YOU KNOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO **SLEEP** IF I DON'T!

I KNOW, BUT--



MY THEORY ABOUT INTRONS BEING INFLUENCED BY THE BACTERIA IS **RIGHT!**

THIS COULD **CHANGE EVERYTHING!**

THE PROTEINS, THEY--

--SO YOU'RE NOT COMING HOME AGAIN?



JASON, THIS IS **IMPORTANT**.

SO IS STARTING A **FAMILY**, BARB. I THOUGHT THAT WAS A **PRIORITY** THIS YEAR.

IT IS!

I PROMISE, THIS RESEARCH IS SO **CLOSE** TO A **BREAKTHROUGH**, AND THEN--

CLICK!



PLEASE DON'T DO THIS, JASON.

I DIDN'T, YOU DID.

YOUR **OBSESSION**, YOUR **PRIORITIES**...

YOU PUT SO MUCH FOCUS ON THE WORK THAT YOU **KILLED** THIS **MARRIAGE**, BARBARA.

I HOPE YOU FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

"KILLED!"





NO!

DO IT!

SIR...



THEY'RE DOING IT!
THEY'RE HOLDING
THEIR OWN!



COUPLE OF DROIDS
TOO MUCH FOR YOUR
BOYS, SHRIVEE?!



THE BASE OF
THE BACK OF
THE NECK!
FIRE THERE
AND DON'T
LET UP!



YOU HEARD
THE VIPER!
FIRE!





NNNGH!!

CLONK!
CLUNK!

PAAH!!

Huh.

AWWW,
WHAT THE
HELL!

SMASH!!

CRY
HICK

GAAASP!!

I DIDN'T
ASK FOR
YOUR HELP.

AND
I DIDN'T
WANT TO
GIVE IT.



BUT YOU THINK
THESE **ASSHOLES** ARE GONNA HELP
EITHER OF US IF PUSH COMES TO SHOVE?
WHO GIVES A SHIT ABOUT THE FREAKS...?



...BESIDES
THE FREAKS.



SURE HOPE
YOU'VE GOT A
**CONTINGENCY
PLAN.**



**CONTINGENCY
PLAN?!**

DO YOU THINK
I'M A BEING WHO
OPERATES WITHOUT
**MULTIPLE PLANS? AND
COUNTERPLANS?!**

...BREATHE...
BREATHE...

I NEED
TO LOAD UP
THE ASSETS
FOR **SAFE
TRANSPORT.**



I DIDN'T
HAVE TO USE
THE BUTTON...
YET.

HE'S JUST THROUGH
THAT WEST WALL...BUT
DON'T FORGET WHAT NEEDS
EXTRACTION AND WHAT
NEEDS **CANCELLATION...**



WHAT'S
THAT?

NEED-TO-
KNOW BASIS,
DR. WEST.

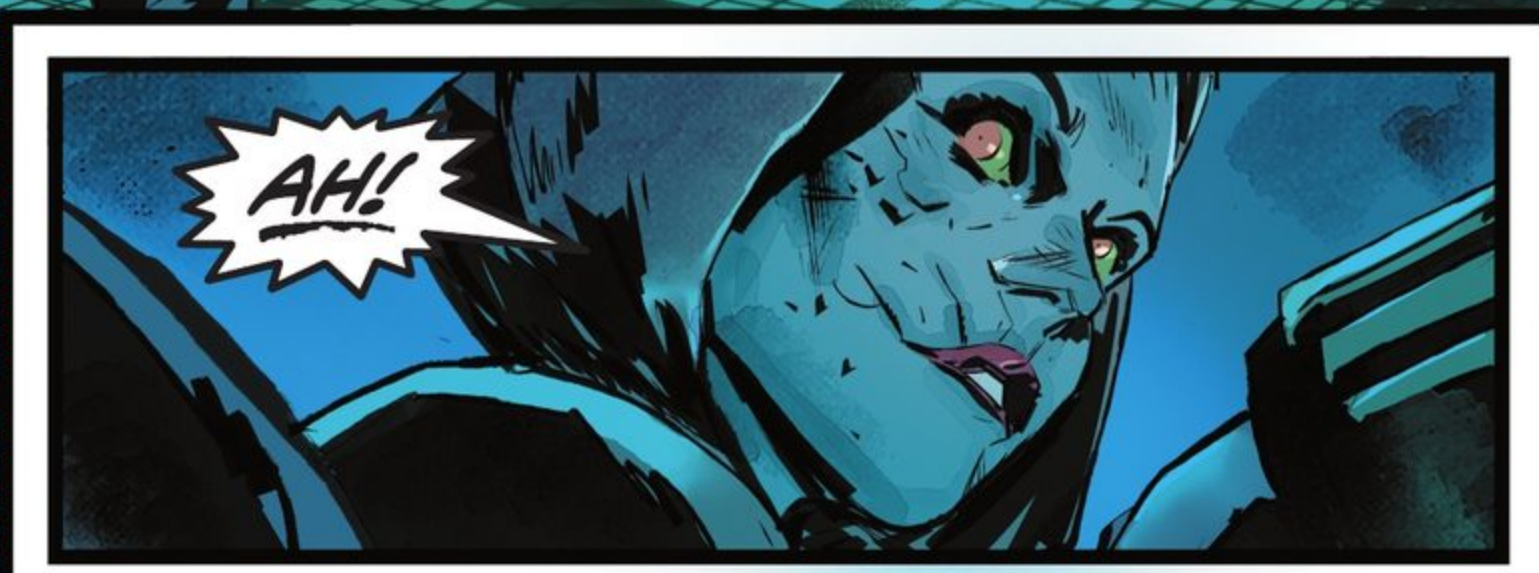


RIGHT.

Back at the island fortress.



Brainiac's control center.





FIRST, I BRING
THEM TO THEIR
KNEES.

THEN THE WORLD
WILL LISTEN.

MY NEW DESIGN FOR HUMANKIND
WILL FIND A WORLD WHERE
ENVIRONMENTAL DEGRADATION,
MISMANAGEMENT OF RESOURCES,
AND INEFFICIENT ATTEMPTS
AT FAUX ALTRUISM...

...WILL ALL BE
ERASED IN SERVICE
OF THE ULTIMATE
EVOLUTION OF
LIFE AND MATTER.

YOU THINK
YOUR GOVERNMENT
WILL HONOR YOU?
MONSTERS?

JOIN ME AND
SEE HOW IT FEELS
LIKE TO WORK WITH
A BEING WHO TRULY
APPRECIATES
YOUR GIFTS.



HUMMMM...

NO
THANKS.



AS YOU
WISH.





RAAAR!

FSSSS

RAAAR!

GRAB!

SHINK!

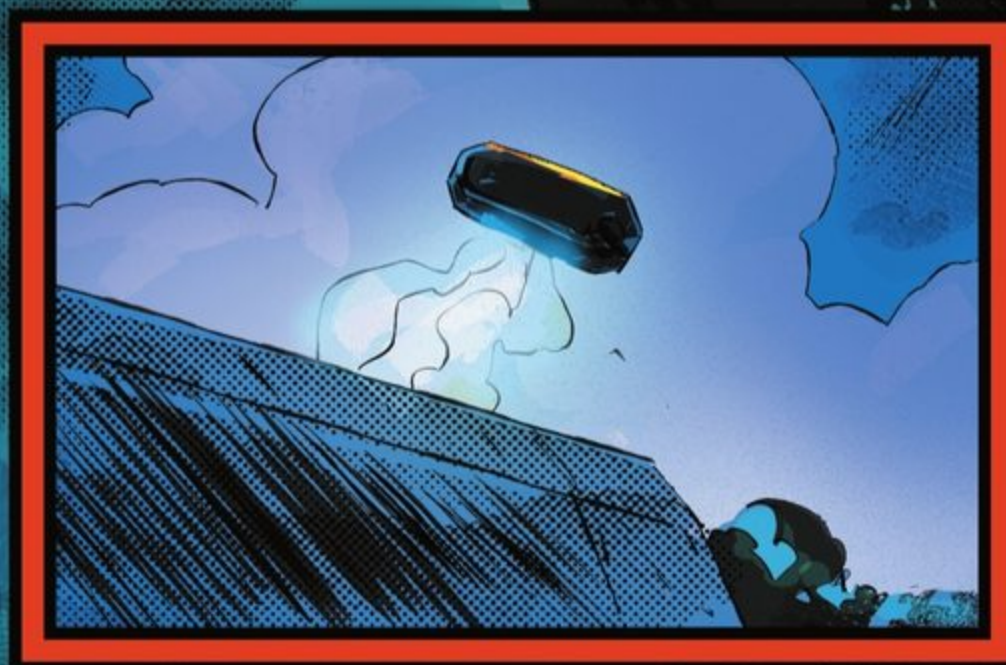
FSSSS...

DISTRACTED?

WRACK!

GUNGHI!







"WHAT'S
HAPPENING?!"

==LUN/VNHH...==

"GENERAL, LET ME SEE
WHAT'S HAPPENING!"

"DON'T WORRY,
DOCTOR."

WE JUST
NEED TO **NEUTRALIZE THE
ASSETS** AND ENSURE THAT ALL
INFORMATION FROM THE MISSION
IS PROPERLY **CONTAINED**.

THEY'RE **NOT**
ASSETS, **DAMN IT!**

YOUR BABIES ARE
**PROPERTY OF THE U.S.
MILITARY** AND THEY WILL BE
RETURNED TO YOU ONCE WE'VE
BEEN ASSURED THAT THEIR
MEMORIES OF THIS MISSION
ARE **SCRUBBED**.

OR...? WELL,
YOU KNOW.

YOU SON
OF A--!

HEEEEEEEELLPPP...

COME ON,
MOON! PLEASE!
HELP ME!

Five years ago.

AHHH!

JO!

PLEASE...



Now.

NNNGH!

BEED P.

KR. Y. K.

AHH!

CLUP
CLUP
CLUP

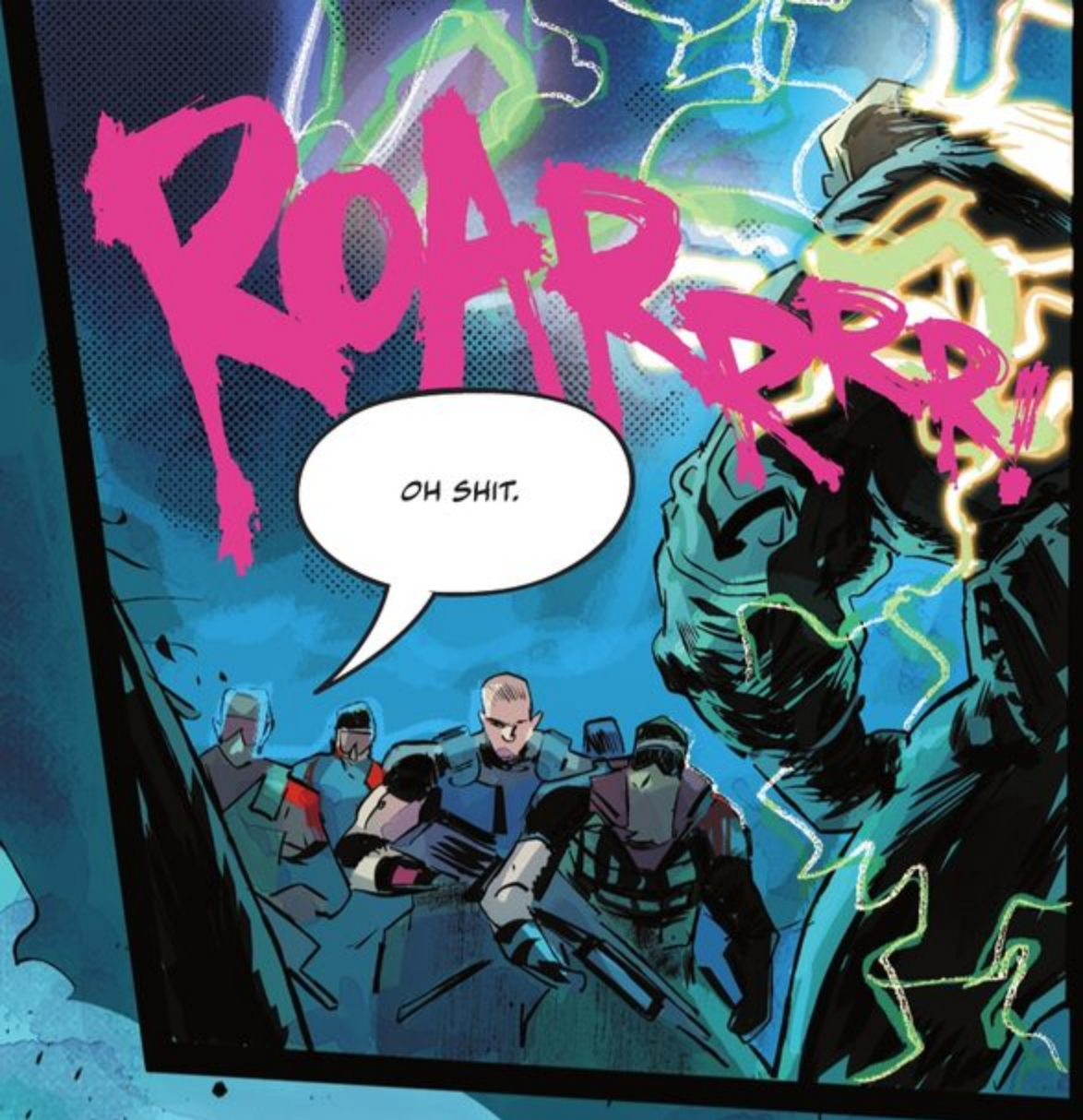
DRP
DRP

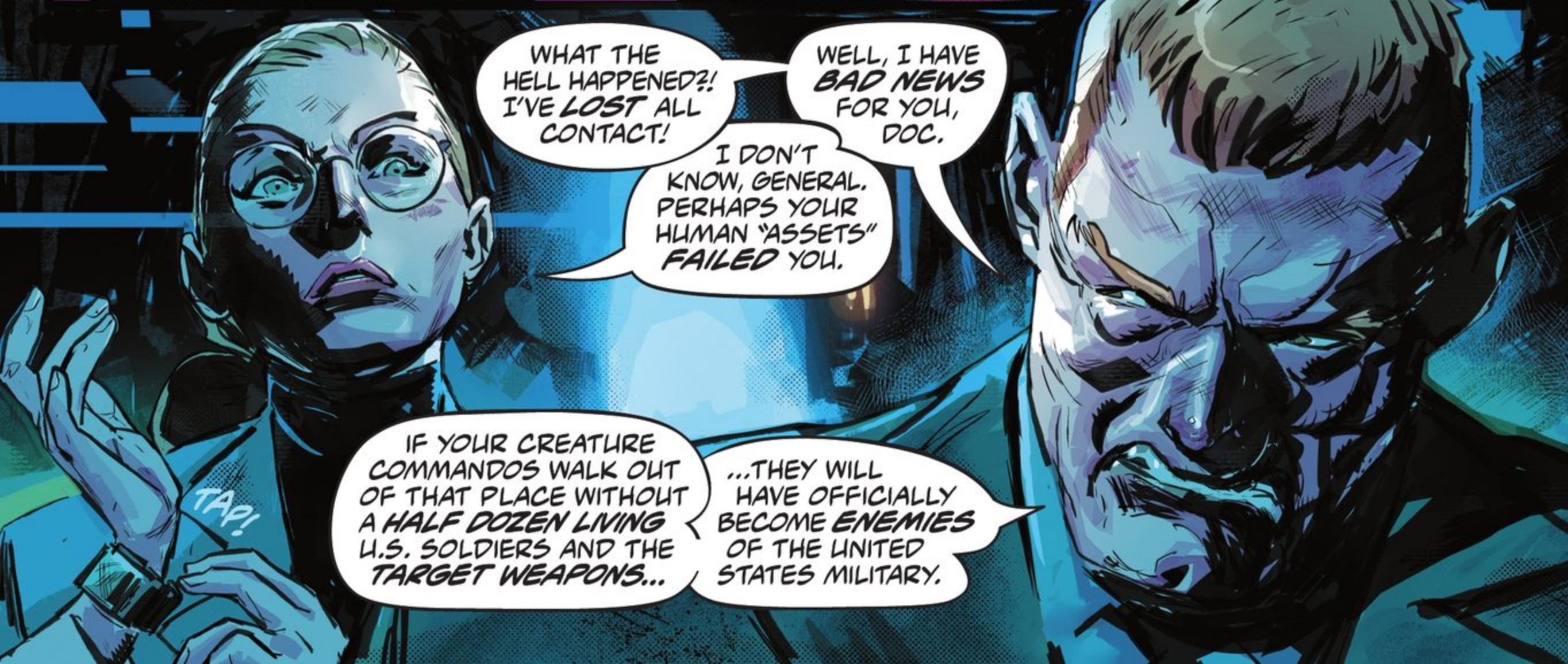
RAHHHA

SSSS



SSSS







WAR CRIMES AGAINST NATURE!

FINALLY HAVE CAMERA FEEDS UP...

SHIT.

OH NO...

SHIT!

I WARNED YOU, GENERAL EILING. I TOLD YOU MY TEAM WASN'T READY YET, AND YOU--

ENOUGH!

I NEED ANY INFORMATION YOU CAN PROVIDE ME TO FIND THEM.

WHY IN THE HELL WOULD I TRUST YOU? YOU SENT MY TEAM INTO A TRAP.

WE INVESTED TENS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS INTO THOSE THINGS AND THEY SUCCESSFULLY RECOVERED TECHNOLOGY WORTH BILLIONS.

IT'S SIMPLE COST-BENEFIT ANALYSIS, DR. WEST.

SO THAT'S WHY YOU DIDN'T WANT ANY SUPERHEROES INVOLVED.

IT WOULDN'T BE VERY GOOD IF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE REALIZED WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH THIS TECHNOLOGY...

"BUT WHAT IS IT?"



TIRSO, COVER

MICHAEL WALSH
VARIANT COVER

DAVID DASTMALCHIAN / JESÚS HERVÁS / ALEX GUIMARÃES / FERRAN DELGADO / SABRINA FUTCH, ASSOC. EDITOR
WRITER ARTIST COLORIST LETTERER KATIE KUBERT, EDITOR

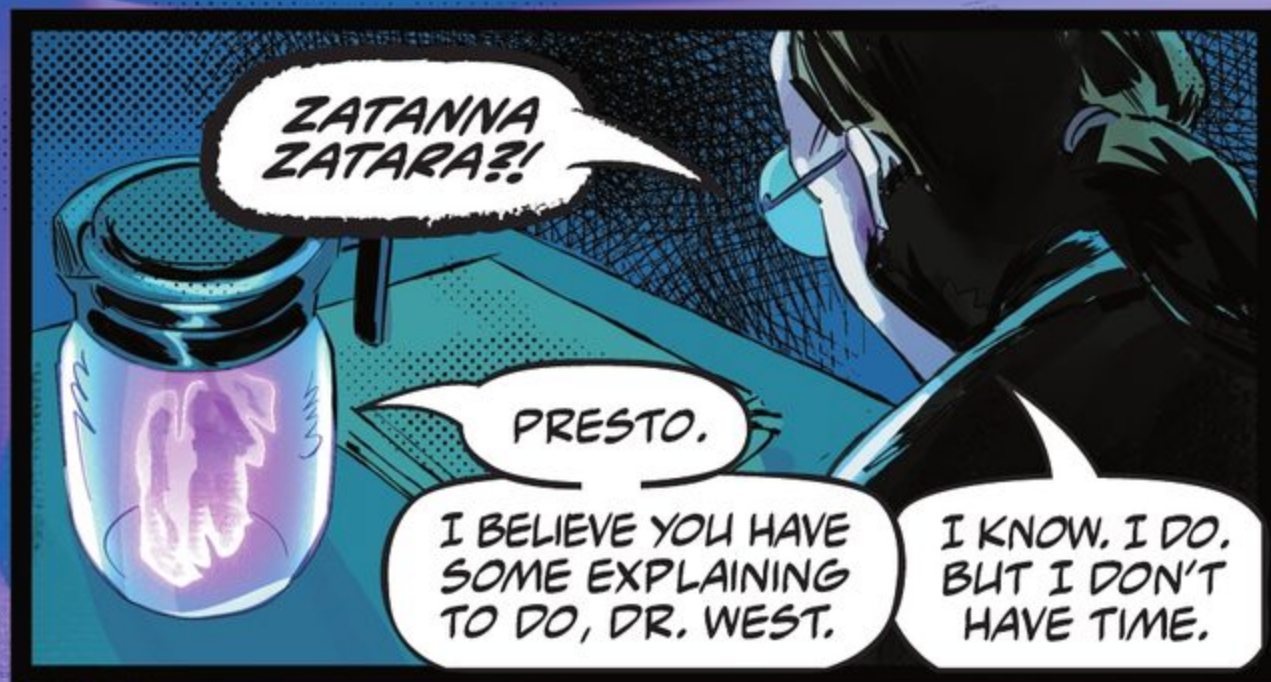
HOW THE HELL DO YOU KNOW HOW TO FLY THIS THING?





Back in New York.





ZATANNA
ZATARA?!

PRESTO.

I BELIEVE YOU HAVE
SOME EXPLAINING
TO DO, DR. WEST.

I KNOW, I DO.
BUT I DON'T
HAVE TIME.



I NEED YOUR
HELP!

THERE ARE GOOD PEOPLE, MY
FRIENDS, MY FAMILY...IN *DANGER* AND
THEY ARE BEING SET UP FOR--FOR...



GOOD
PEOPLE?

YES.



AND
THESE ARE YOUR
FRIENDS...

...OR YOUR
CREATIONS?

Meanwhile...



SO MUCH FOR
TRUSTING YOUR
GOOD DR. WEST.

WE DON'T
KNOW YET
IF SHE KNEW...
OR DIDN'T
KNOW.

I KNOW YOU HAVE YOUR
MOMMY ISSUES WITH THE CRACKED
SCIENTIST, BUT PLEASE DON'T TRY
TO DELUDE THE REST OF US, *MINA*.



IT'S GOING
TO BE OKAY,
LUCKY.



WE'RE GETTING
CLOSER BUT I
STILL DON'T KNOW
WHAT THE HELL
THE *PLAN* IS.

THERE'S
THOUSANDS
OF INNOCENT
PEOPLE
THERE.

SO?

I CARE AS
MUCH ABOUT
THEM AS YOU
DO, *VELCRO*.

BUT IF WE CAN *SAVE*
THESE ASSHOLES, THEN
I STILL GET A CHANCE OF
GETTING MY *SISTER*
OUT OF *PRISON*.

AND I GET A
SHOT AT WHAT
I WANT.

AND IF
THEY SCREW
US OVER...

WE LIGHT UP OUR
FRIENDS WITH THEIR
FRENZY SWITCHES
AND TAKE IT.

DEAL.



SHE KNOWS.

SHE KNOWS
WHERE THE OTHER
WOMAN IS.

THEY'RE BOTH...
WEAPONS!

Delaware State Fair.

SPEAKING
OF WEAPONS,
WE CAN ONLY
FLY UNDER THE
RADAR SO
LONG...

I NEED
TO PUT THIS
CONTRAPTION
DOWN.

LAND IT WHERE
YOU CAN AND WE'LL
MOVE ON FOOT.

AND HOW THE HELL
DO WE JUST SHOW UP
AT A STATE FAIR?

SUNBLOCK?

IT'S MORE
THAN THAT.

KEEPS ME
FROM TURNING INTO
A FRENCH FRY.



WE MAY HAVE
SNUCK PAST THE
METAL DETECTORS, BUT
THERE'S A WHOLE LOT OF
SECRET SECURITY
OUT HERE.

JUST ACT LIKE
YOU *BELONG*.
WALK WITH
CONFIDENCE.

THE FACT THAT
I'M CONSIDERED
A **FREAK** AMONG
THESE RUBES IS...
TRAGIC.



WE'RE **ALL**
CONSIDERED
FREAKS
HERE.

EXCUSE ME.



YES?

WE'RE WITH THE
HALLOWEEN
SHOW.



WHAT
HALLOWEEN
SHOW?

CENTRAL, THIS
IS TEAM NINE...

GO
AHEAD,
TEAM
NINE.

The
area is
clear...

THE AREA
IS...ALL
CLEAR.

COPY
THAT.



WE DON'T
HAVE MUCH
TIME.

BRAINIAC IS
WAITING TO DETONATE
THE **WEAPON--**

YOU MEAN
THE **OLD**
LADY?

YES.
HE'S WAITING
UNTIL THE
PRESIDENT'S
MOTORCADE
ARRIVES.

HIS PLAN
DOESN'T WORK
IF THE **PRESIDENT**
AND **SECRETARY-**
GENERAL
SURVIVE.



VINCENT, WE NEED YOU TO GO FULL BAT AND TAKE BOTH OF THE OLD LADIES TO THE BAY.







FANGS,
DROP HER!

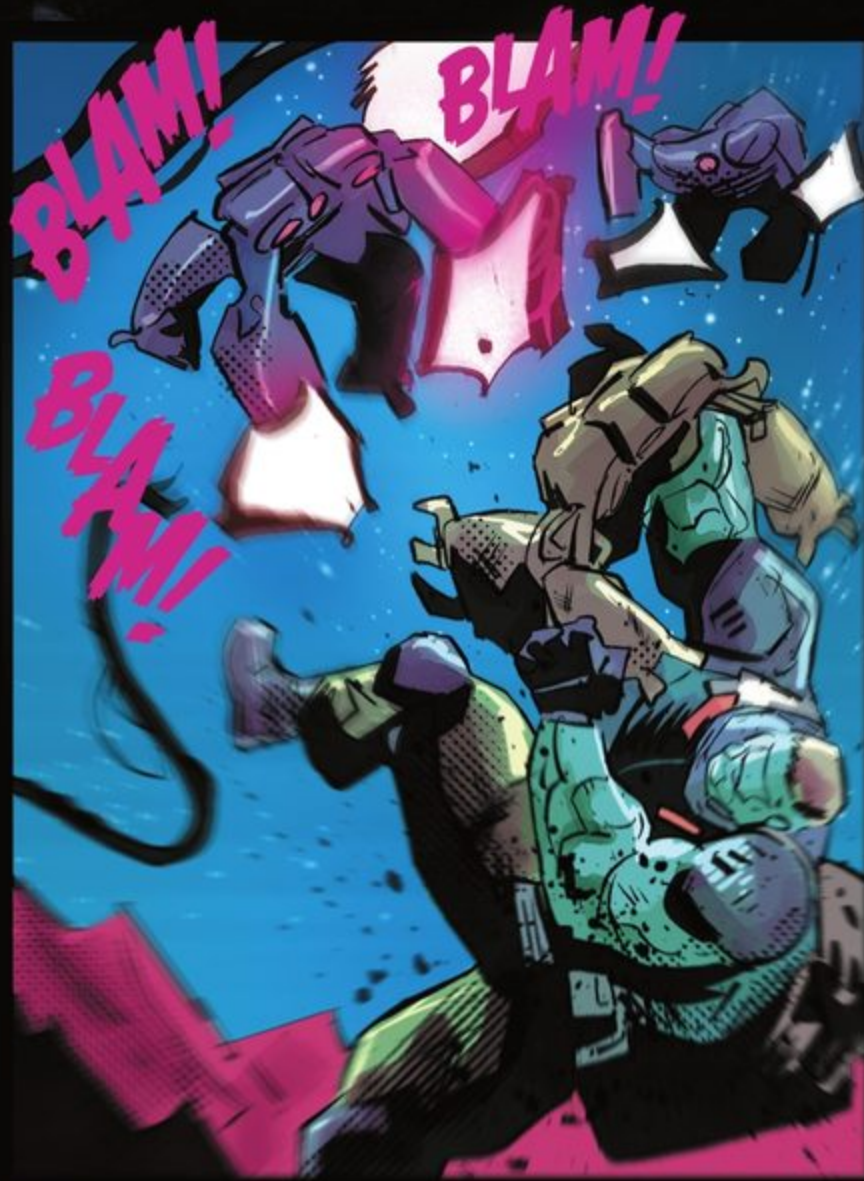
DON'T
SHOOT MY BAT,
BITCH!

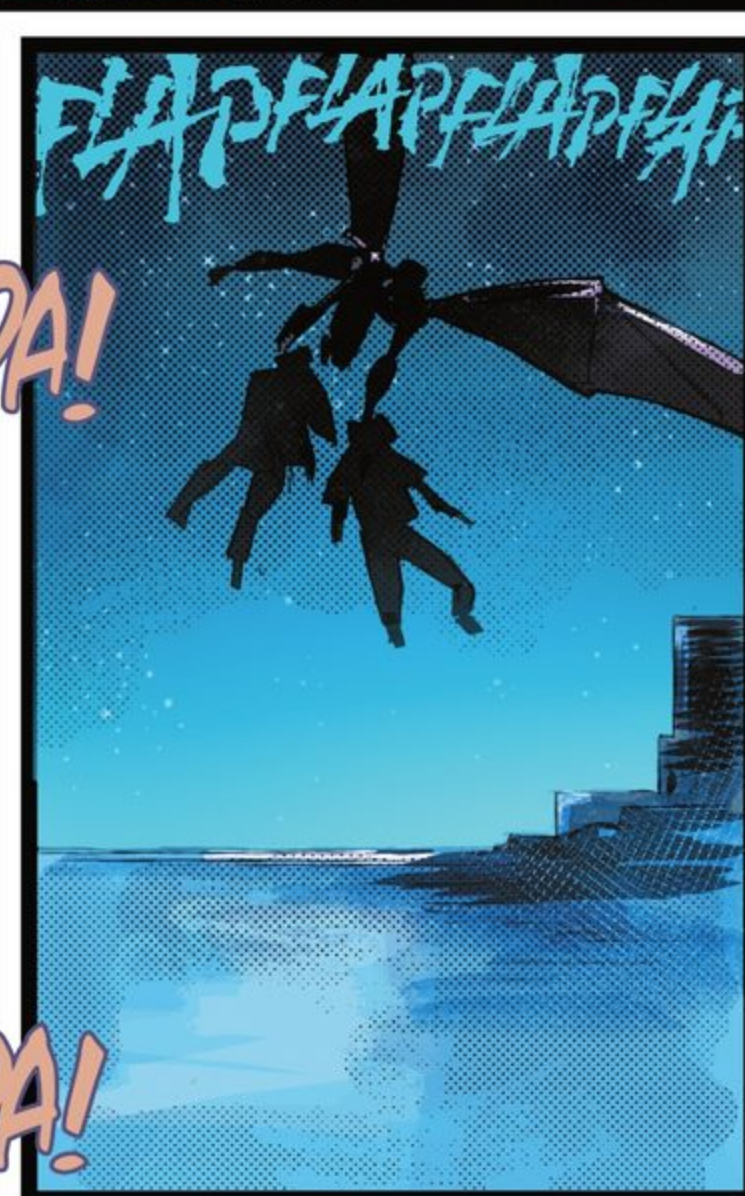
I'LL HOLD
THEM OFF!

GO!

NOT YET,
VINCENT
VELCRO.















LUCKY, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.

SHE WAS HIDING UNDER THE CASH REGISTER...

YOU DID GOOD, LUCKY. NOW WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!



NOT GOOD. LUCKY NOT GOOD.



CKK--!



LUCKY, PLEASE.
LISTEN TO ME...
YOU'RE A **GOOD BOY**.
A **VERY GOOD BOY**--

OH GREAT...
HERE HE GOES
AGAIN.



AGAIN...?
AGAIN...
AGAIN.



NOW
WHAT?



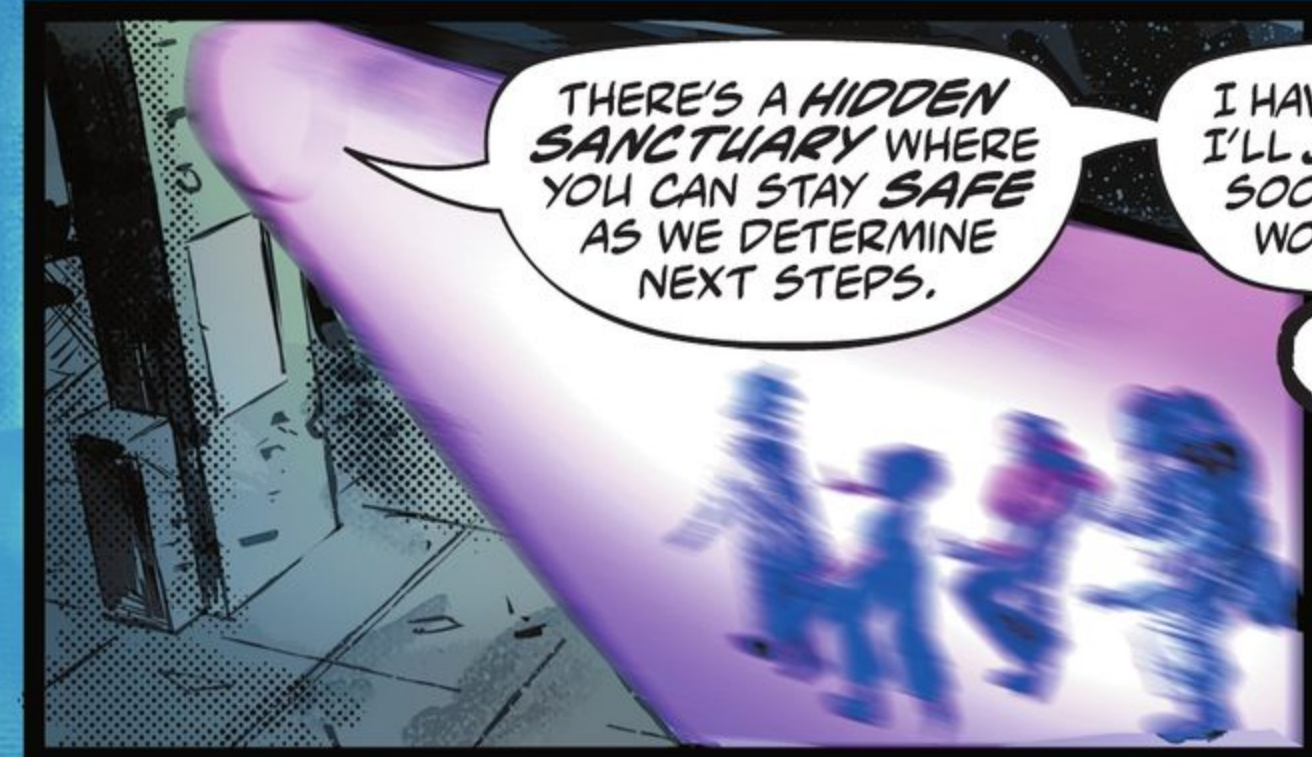
THE WHOLE WORLD IS **AGAINST YOU**
RIGHT NOW, BUT I KNOW THERE'S
SOMETHING **MORE**
TO THE STORY.



I AM WILLING
TO **HELP** YOU, BUT
YOU HAVE TO **STICK**
TOGETHER AND
LOOK OUT FOR ONE
ANOTHER.



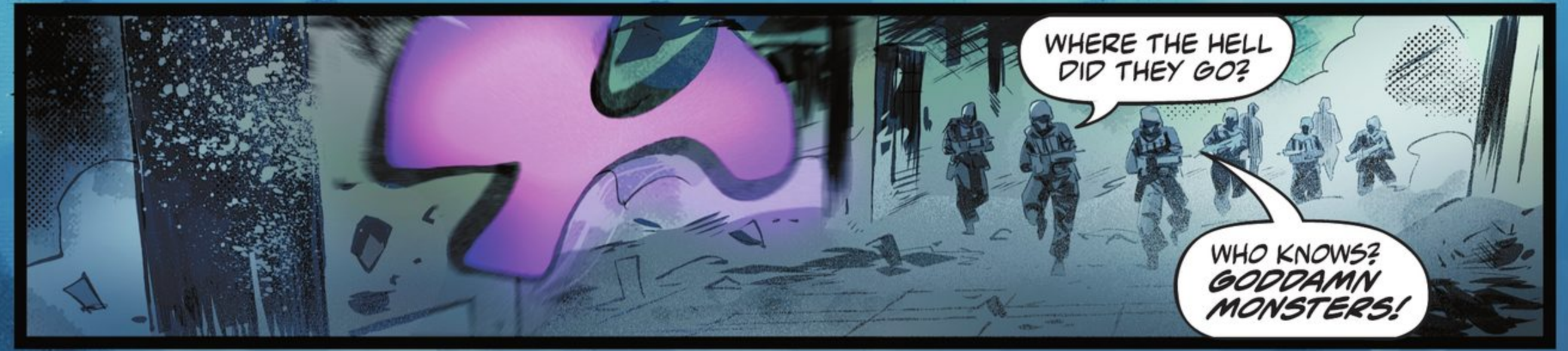
COME ON,
TEAM. SHE'LL
HELP US.



THERE'S A *HIDDEN SANCTUARY* WHERE YOU CAN STAY *SAFE* AS WE DETERMINE NEXT STEPS.

I HAVE TO GO. I'LL JOIN YOU SOON. I HAVE WORK TO DO.

HURRY!



WHERE THE HELL DID THEY GO?

WHO KNOWS? ***GODDAMN MONSTERS!***



THIS LOOKS FITTING.

WHERE IS ZATANNA?

SHE SAID SHE HAD WORK TO DO AND THAT SHE'D JOIN US SOON.

SHE SAID WE HAVE TO WORK AS A ***TEAM.***

THERE'S
TEN TONS OF
SHIT THAT'S
DIFFERENT
ABOUT US.

ESPECIALLY
YOUR **GOTH**
ASS, VELCRO.

BUT THERE'S
AN **IMPORTANT**
THING WE HAVE...

WE KNOW
WHAT **REAL**
MONSTERS
ARE.

EVERYBODY
THINKS WE'RE
EVIL, THAT
WE'RE BETTER
DEAD THAN
ALIVE.

BUT WE
KNOW THE
TRUTH.

WE KNOW HOW
MUCH **THEY** NEED
US. HOW MUCH
SAFER THEY WERE
TODAY THANKS
TO US.

SAFER.

The End.

Variant Cover Gallery

DC Horror Presents: Creature Commandos #1
variant cover art by Charlie Adlard



DC Horror Presents: Creature Commandos #1
variant cover art by Jim Lee and Alex Sinclair



JIM LEE
SINCE



DC Horror Presents: Creature Commandos #2
variant cover art by Tom Fowler and Bill Crabtree



DC Horror Presents: Creature Commandos #4
variant cover art by Kelley Jones and Michelle Madsen







The DC Universe is crawling
with monsters...some "good,"
some "bad," and some more
deadly than others!

Meet Project M, a team of monstrosly powerful supernatural soldiers brought together for a dangerous mission by an unstable but talented scientist. Delving into the creepiest corners of the DC Universe, the Creature Commandos have their work cut out for them as they uncover morbid mysteries and shocking truths. In this spine-tingling new era of Creature Commandos masterfully crafted by *Count Crowley* creator **David Dastmalchian** (*The Suicide Squad*, *Late Night with the Devil*), the air is thick with dread, claws are poised to strike, fangs glisten, and blood flows freely. Are these monsters simply abominable killing machines, or are they humanity's last hope? The answer lies in the shadows.

Collects *DC Horror Presents: Creature Commandos* #1-6.
Ages 17+



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

